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## VISIT TO FONTHILL.

[Second Paper.]

On surveying the interior of Fonthill Abbey, where there is so much to strike the sight, the mind is distracted by the multiplicity of objects, by the minute beauties of some, by the curious nature of others, and by the splendour of all. Of these the catalogue contains *one thousand and four* items lotted for sale; and we confess that in our opinion, with the exception of a few of the articles, Fonthill will be a much more beautiful and desirable abode denuded of these ornaments, than if it continued to be enriched by them. We are not, under any circumstances, very ardent admirers of houses or palaces fitted up like goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops. A moderate collection of elegant and remarkable productions, serves to amuse visitors at vacant periods, when the contemplation of fine pictures, and even the works of immortal authors, may have palled upon the taste; but a whole Museum of trinkets, china, rarities, and precious *bijouterie*, can afford no satisfaction to the intelligent mind, and only for a brief space amuse even the weak and barren. If this be true generally, it is particularly applicable to such a place as Fonthill Abbey. In so noble, and we may say so affecting, a Gothic structure, the costly tribes of ingenuity, the oddities of *Jad* and Japan, the antiquities of *Mosaics* and porcelain, and the commingled fancies of all periods and nations, are more than any where else irrelevant and ill associated.

Were we their owner, we should feel no pain at their dispersion. Let them go to give variety and pleasure to many mansions: Fonthill will be improved by their removal.\* Its character is simplicity and grandeur, and to be appropriate, all its furniture should partake of these qualities. The noble library, the picture gallery of suitable subjects by excellent masters, and the general air of a magnificent repose, should belong to its exquisite proportions and imposing features.

The conventual style, in which Fonthill Abbey is built, is not very favourable for the exhibition of what we would call finery, nor is it possible to display a very great number of excellent pictures to advantage in the lights afforded by its structure. The Grand Octagonal Tower suits nothing but the superb simplicity of its existing furniture; the noble arches, the beautifully clustered pillars, the softly stained glass, the rich sweep of curtain, and corresponding masses of sofa and Ottoman, the galleries circling above, and the exquisite fan-work and lantern which crown the whole, are all in the purest keeping and justest taste. The summit of the

Tower remains in an unfinished condition; and in ascending to enjoy the extensive view which it presents, you have to clamber up ladders and through rafters. The prospect is, however, a fine one, though the country round is not of a picturesque description. Salisbury Plain, ill named, offers few striking images to the eye; and, with the exception of Salisbury Cathedral in one direction, and Stourhead, backed by Dorsetshire, in another, the immediate groves of Fonthill are the only pleasing features of the scene. On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the Owner of the Mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair! And we can readily credit this report, for we are well assured that the building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period, every cart and wagon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labours of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that four hundred and sixty men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see

\* The structure was begun sometime in 1796, after the plans and under the superintendence of the late Mr. Wyatt. Since the death of Mr. Wyatt (in 1813), his plans have been followed by the persons employed by Mr. Beckford without alteration; so that whatever of beauty belongs to the Abbey, it is entirely the result of that eminent architect's talent, and the poetical genius of its owner.

the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of those eminences in the walks which we have already described, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power. These singular traits of character will not surprise those who have made mankind their study. It is the very course of nature, when satiated with all that inordinate wealth can purchase, to aim at higher, probably at extravagant sources of gratification. The soul, pampered with the easy attainment of almost every thing that is desirable in life, soon disrelishes, despises, and finally loathes what others covet. The utmost bliss to the poor man is an object of apathy to the rich; and gaming, and other violent excitements, are rushed into with a mad avidity. The minds most nearly allied to genius are the most apt to plunge into these extremes: a Beckford builds a Babel by torchlight; a Byron writes a Cain with exultation; and an Eratastratus burns the Temple of Diana, to gain an immortal, though infamous celebrity. But we ask forgiveness for this digression, suggested by the Print accompanying this Sketch; and as that occupies much space, shall, with our readers' kind consent, request them to defer their stroll with us among the curiosities of the interior, till our next week's *Gazette*.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The History and Antiquities of Hengrave, in Suffolk.* By John Gage, Esq. F.S.A. of Lincoln's Inn. 4to. pp. 463. London 1822. J. Carpenter. J. Booker. Bury. St. Edmund's, J. Deck.

HENGRAVE Hall, near Bury St. Edmund's, is a rare remaining example of the domestic architecture of the beginning of the sixteenth century; being an embattled Manor House built by Sir Thomas Kytson, a very wealthy merchant of London, between the years 1525 and 1538. This Sir Thomas was Sheriff of London in 1533, and had in 1522 purchased Hengrave (styled Hemegretha in Domesday Book) from the Duke of Buckingham, whose attainder and execution involved the property in considerable risk; but after some law proceedings, the king relinquished his gripe of the forfeiture, and the opulent citizen was suffered to enjoy his estate. Upon this he erected the Hall, which cost, as appears from the documents preserved, about 5000*l*.

The readers of the *Literary Gazette* are aware of our partiality for publications of the class to which this volume belongs. Old family papers are great lights to those theories which are denominated histories; and though there is generally a great deal of dry matter concerning genealogies, armorial quarterings, minute topographies, &c. &c.,

yet the anecdotes illustrating the manners of the times, the specifications which indicate the domestic habits of our ancestors, and the genuine records not only of transactions but of private feelings which unfold, together with the different relations of society, a corresponding difference in the very nature of the human actors on those scenes, are all so replete with interest, that we cheerfully sacrifice our attention to the unimportant details for the sake of the curious intelligence that so amply repays our devotion. The original papers at Hengrave from which Mr. Gage has compiled his work, are excellent in this respect; and as we shall act the pioneer for our friends, we hope to present them with a pleasing essay, devoid of the tediousness so delightful to the antiquarian, and so odious to readers of every other turn and temperament. As a portion of the *Annals of Suffolk*, handsomely got up, and adorned with thirty admirable engravings, we cannot speak more highly of the author's labours than they deserve; and we sincerely hope that the success of this undertaking will be such as to induce him to fulfil a grand desideratum, by engaging upon the general history of his native county, a design for the adequate execution of which he seems to be eminently qualified by his learning, industry, and accomplishments. Should he carry into that performance the same zeal and talent with which he has investigated the seat of his forefathers (for we observe, from the conclusion, that he is the brother of the late, and uncle to the present, Sir Thomas Gage, of Hengrave,) Suffolk will have cause to be proud of her historian, and satisfied that, though late in the literary field, her relics, beauties, and memorabilia are fitly and for ever rescued from oblivion.

Mr. Gage sets out with a general history of the parish of Hengrave, and the adjacent parishes. He notices that the grounds belonging to the Hall were laid out by Sir Thomas Kytson in the true Dutch style, the vogue of that era; and we perceive that a Dutch gardener was brought thither to superintend this business, and, above all, to contrive the waterworks, then so essential to the horticultural picturesque! The mansion itself was large and imposing; and the Gate-house, especially, remains a splendid example of the architectural magnificence which marked the epoch of the Tudors—a fine English style, which we admire so entirely, that we should be happy to see it restored and cultivated in our own days. Inventories of the furniture have been fortunately handed down, and we are thus enabled to picture the exact appearance of every chamber, as used in a gentleman's residence three centuries ago. Among these the "Armory" is the most unlike any room of the present time, though the "Musick Chamber," the "Dyning Chamber," the "Cheife Chamber," and others, exhibit remarkable varieties when contrasted with modern fashions. We shall transcribe one of these accounts entire, as a curiosity.

"In ye Chamber where ye Musicians<sup>1</sup> playe.

"Itm, hangings of blew and yellow saye complete. Itm, one long bord with ij tres-

<sup>1</sup> In noticing the Musicians' Chamber it may be observed, that Robert Johnson, Bachelor in Music, was at one period, of Sir Thomas Kytson's household; perhaps this is the same Robert Johnson, a contemporary composer, who

sels. Itm, one long joynd forme and one playne forme.

<sup>2</sup> *Instrumentes and Booke of Musike.*

Itm, one barded chest, with locke and key, w<sup>th</sup> vj vialls. Itm, one barded chest, with six violennas. Itm, one case of recorders,<sup>3</sup> in number vij. Itm, liij cornutes, one being a mnte cornute. Itm, one great base lewte, and a meane lewte, both w<sup>th</sup>out cases. Itm, one treble lute, and a meane lute with cases. Itm, one bandore,<sup>4</sup> and a sitherne<sup>5</sup> with a dooble case. Itm, two sackboots, w<sup>th</sup> ther cases. Itm, three hoebots, w<sup>th</sup> a curtall<sup>6</sup> and a lysarden.<sup>7</sup> Itm, two fiewtes, w<sup>th</sup>out cases. Itm, one payer of little virginals. Itm, one wind instrument like a virginal. Itm, two lewting booke covered with lether. Itm, vj booke covered with pchement. cont<sup>s</sup> vj setts in a booke, with songs of liij, v, vj, vij, and viij partes. Itm, v booke covered w<sup>th</sup> pchement. cont<sup>s</sup> iij setts in a booke, with songs of v ptes. Itm, vj booke, covered w<sup>th</sup> pchement. cont<sup>s</sup> ij setts in a booke, with English songs of liij, v, and vj, partes. Itm, v booke, covered with pchement, w<sup>th</sup> pavines<sup>8</sup> galliards<sup>9</sup> measures, and cuntry dances. Itm, v booke of leuanties<sup>10</sup> and corrautoes. Itm, v old booke, covered w<sup>th</sup> pchement, w<sup>th</sup> songs of v partes. Itm, v booke covered w<sup>th</sup> blacke lether. Itm, liij booke covered w<sup>th</sup> pchement, w<sup>th</sup> songs of liij partes. Itm, v booke covered w<sup>th</sup> pchement, w<sup>th</sup> pavines<sup>8</sup> and galliards for the concert. Itm, one great hooke w<sup>th</sup> came from Cadis, covered w<sup>th</sup> redd lether, and gyit. Itm, v booke, cont<sup>s</sup> one sett of Italian fa-laes. Itm, one great payer of dooble virginals. Itm, one payer of great orgaynes.

The "Dyning Chamber," besides "tapestry" hangings for the walls and chimneys, and carpets for the "bordes," contained two great chairs (probably for the master and mistress), a little chair and a little stool, also covered with damask, four long cushions, nine stools covered with carpet, a pair of virginals with irons, a wicker screen, and a chessboard, with the men in a leather bag.

is said by Dr. Wilson in his *Court Ayres or Ballads*, published at Oxford in 1660, to have set to music "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks."

<sup>2</sup> Recorder, a wind instrument resembling a flute, but of a smaller bore and shriller tone.

<sup>3</sup> Bandore, an instrument with strings like a lute. It is said to have been invented in the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth, by John Rose, a citizen of London. [Or probably rather adapted from the Italian Pandura.—*Ed.*]

<sup>4</sup> Cittern, the old English name of the guitar. <sup>5</sup> Curtall, or courtaut, an instrument similar to the bassoon, but much shorter, and therefore called by this name from the French word *courte*, short. The courtaut had two rows of projecting apertures called tampus or tetines. These tetines were not moveable, but fixtures, disposed on different sides of the instrument for the accommodation of left-handed as well as right-handed performers; and when the tetines on one side were used, those on the other side were stopped.—*Busby*.

<sup>6</sup> Lysarden, a serpent or bass cornet.

<sup>7</sup> Pavine, the air of an old French dance, so named from the Latin word *pavo*, a peacock; because the figurantes formed, looking round at each other, a *tail or train*. The men for this purpose made use of their caps and swords.—*Busby*.—[*Busby* is wrong, it is a Spanish, not a French, dance.—*Ed.*]

<sup>8</sup> Galliard, the name of a lively air or dance in triple time.

<sup>9</sup> The Sautceuse, or waltz, which is very ancient.

In the "Cheife Chamber" the most remarkable articles are, carpets for the windows, and to lay about the bed, a perfumed "twilt," one great looking-glass, and pillow beres, chairs, &c. richly embroidered in silk and gold.

The account of charges for building the Hall, furnishes items of like curiosity, but the particulars are not so distinctly stated.—Hengrave Church was joined to Flempton, adjacent, and has since been used only as a burial-place for the family. Among the monuments, that of Thomas Darcy, only son of the Lord of Chich, who intermarried with the Kytsons, may be mentioned. It represents him kneeling in a not unusual way. "At the base of the monument is an inscription on two tablets of black marble, and under those, upon a medallion, a skeleton in a winding-sheet. The inscription is as follows:

#### MEMORIE SACRUM.

*Of Thomas Darcy here the body ly,  
Only heire masle of Chiche's Barony,  
By Mary heire of Kytson's family,  
The true bred hope of all his progeny;  
Trayn'd up in youth so well by Virtues lore,  
That he the second prize at BARRI'RS bore,  
By High Prince Henry's brave election,  
Picks out by Virtue's owne direction,  
And thereto led by Honor as his page,  
At then but two and twenty years of age,  
With D'enshire Fitz's heire he wedded was,  
But she from earth him timeless let pass,  
To heaven, to make a better marriage,  
I'th twenty sixt yeare of his youthful age.  
His fame in sight of death shall never dy,  
But live in honor to eternitie.  
Ex sumptib. Domine Elizabethæ Kytson  
avie ejus.*

But the most valuable part of the book consists of letters preserved in the family. Of Sir Thomas Kytson's daughters, one, Anne, married Sir W. Spring of Pakenham, High Sheriff of the county in 1578. This lady, it seems, had a serious quarrel with Lady Jermyn, and the following letters are odd specimens of the style of angry contest used by women of quality at that period:

"Lady Jermyn to Mrs. Anne Spring.

"Theis be to signifie unto you that I received your lre. unto me dyrected the v<sup>th</sup> of this present month of August, wherein I pceive. y<sup>e</sup> burdeyn me wythe promise to obtayne such suit as ye had for y<sup>e</sup> coming agayne unto my cosyn Spring your husband, which I forded all that in me dyd lie for your contentacion and hartie desire; and at that tyme in possybilite to obtain yo. sayde sate, and the same to have at that time fully finished an endyd if my Lady yo. mother, and you both, had not only gone about to abuse yo. said husband, but also to deprave my husband, in his doing, as in dysdaining and misnaming of him, calling hym toade, and other evill names, which I ensuer you cannot be well taken on my behalfe. There is no body could have opined my said husband's usage better than you during y<sup>e</sup> tyme in my house, if you so had listed, for ye right well know he never made so much of any his own daughters as he dyd of you, and yours, and thus he to be rewarded for his jentylness, byndeth me to forder yo. sayte accordingly. That notwithstanding, althowhe he suffreth, and sayth nothing thereunto as yett, wyll when he hath tyme answer yt as he thynkyth good. I assure

you I think scorne that my husband and I should be so laughed and scorned at, for o' good wylle towards you, and so to be abused for yo<sup>r</sup> sake. We are but pore folks, yett we have so much wrong offered so to be derdyed; but though we be bitten, we be not eaten, nor yett altogeter trodden under the foot. Wherefore trouble yo<sup>r</sup>. self no more in wrytinge unto me of yo<sup>r</sup>. doings, for you shall be well assured I will never speak, nor do in yo<sup>r</sup> behalf; yf I may speak or do, to the contrary. Therefore, do as ye lyste, ye know to what end you shall grow for me, whereunto ye may trust. Wrytten at my house at Roshbroke, this vij day of August, An<sup>o</sup> Dni. 1558. "ANNE JERMYN."

"To Mysterys Anne Spring, be these delivered in spee."

"The Countess of Bath to Lady Jermyn.

"I have pased. you lre. dated the vij<sup>th</sup> of this pscnte. month, as an answer unto my daughter Spring's letter to you directed, for your friendly meane in the matter depending between her and my sonne her husband, and have weyed the same as it is worthy—with whose act therein donne, without my consente, and contraye unto my mynde, I am not a little offended. And the more for she did write unto so ingrate and unthankful a one as you are. And, whereas you charge both me and her, that we should not only seek to abuse her husband, but also to deprave yo<sup>r</sup> husband, in his doing, as in dysdaining and mysanaming of hym, calling hym toade, and other evil names, I am right well assured that I and my said daughter hath not hitherto nether abused her said husband in any point; unless you call yt abusinge to seke to bring them together, which is meritorious and acceptable before God, and the contrary of hym, detested and abhorred, nor yet abused your husband, in suchsorte as you have touched us in your said lres. Wherefore, yt ill besemeth you so untruly to reporte and wright of me, not being able to bring forth proof to justify the same. And also, whereas you wright that nobody could have opined the usage of your husband's house better than she, I assure you I never harde her dispraise, at any time, his doings; althowgh she hath just cause to bewaile the time that ever she came w<sup>th</sup> his house. And further, where you and yo<sup>r</sup>. husband untruly supposeth that he is by me and mine laughed and scorned at, w<sup>h</sup> is only y<sup>r</sup> vain ymagination, and no otherwise, and that he will answer thereunto when he seeth time, do you and he therein, as ye liste—I weye it not. You needed not to have written of your husband's poverty; for his wealth is knowne to all the contrye: and, for byting and eating of you, I think nobody mindeth the same; for you are too old, and too tough, too be eaten or bitten. I shall find better meate—your tautes be too much. And, if you wiste how littel they are esteemed, you wold not waste penne and ink about them. And, wher you threaten to do the worst you can to her, spare you not. Yet she must live, and, thanks be to God, hath friends to provide for her, to kepe her lyke a gentlewoman, during her life. From my house at Hengrave, this present Sunday morning, vij August.

"To my La. Jermyn, at Roshbroke, give these."

The remainder of our extracts, &c. which are very generally interesting, will form a paper in our next.

*Letters from Spain.* By Don Leucadio Doblado. 8vo. pp. 433. London 1822. H. Colburn & Co.

A CONSIDERABLE proportion of these letters have appeared in the New Monthly Magazine; and as they have thus become known to many readers, we shall devote less of our space to them than we would have done had they been altogether new to the public. They are, we understand, the production of a native of Spain, but of an English family, which, having settled at Seville, hispanised the name of White into Blanco, though the author, on residing many years in London has resumed the original patronymic, with the prefix of Blanco to it as a sponsorial appellation. We remember that a literary person of the name of Blanco White was editor of a periodical work, in Spanish, entitled L'Espanol; and presume that he is identical with this Leucadio Doblado. But whoever the writer is, he is an intelligent and agreeable book-maker; a little too diffuse perhaps, but presenting altogether a very correct and characteristic picture of the Spanish people, their manners, institutions, opinions and customs. He appears to have abjured the Roman Catholic faith, and dwells at large upon its prejudices, bigotry and persecuting spirit. Indeed great part of the volume is dedicated to the exposure of religious follies, frauds and enormities; in which there is a good deal of compilation, and consequently less is allotted to other topics than we could have desired from so lively a pen. As our quotative propensities, however, incline to the latter, we shall make free with a few extracts from those parts, wherewith to illustrate the publication:

"Carnival, properly so called, is limited to Quinquagesima-Sunday, and the two following days, a period which the lower classes pass in drinking and rioting in those streets where the meaner sort of houses abound, and especially in the vicinity of the large courts, or halls, called Corrales, surrounded with small rooms or cells, where numbers of the poorest inhabitants live in filth, misery, and debauch. Before these horrible places are seen crowds of men, women, and children, singing, dancing, drinking, and pursuing each other with handfuls of hair-powder. I have never seen, however, an instance of their taking liberties with any person above their class; yet, such bacchanals produce a feeling of insecurity, which makes the approach of those spots very unpleasant during the Carnival.

At Madrid, where whole quarters of the town, such as *Ampie* and *Maravillas*, are inhabited exclusively by the rabble, these Saturnalia are performed upon a larger scale. I once ventured with three or four friends, all muffled in our cloaks, to parade the *Avañes* during the Carnival. The streets were crowded with men, who, upon the least provocation, real or imaginary, would have instantly used the knife, and of women equally ready to take no slight share in any quarrel: for these lovely creatures often carry a poniard in a sheath, thrust within the upper part of the left stocking, and held up by the garter. We were, however, upon our best behaviour, and by a look of complacency on their sports, and keeping at the most respectful distance from the women, came away without meeting



with the least disposition to insolence or rudeness.

A gentleman who, either out of curiosity or depraved taste, attends the amusements of the vulgar, is generally respected, provided he is a mere spectator, and appears indifferent to the females. The ancient Spanish jealousy is still observable among the lower classes; and while not a sword is drawn in Spain upon a love-quarrel, the knife often decides the claims of more humble lovers. Yet love is, by no means, the main instigator of murder among us. A constitutional irritability, especially in the southern provinces, leads, without any more assignable reason, to the frequent shedding of blood. A small quantity of wine, nay, the mere blowing of the easterly wind, called *Solano*, is infallibly attended with deadly quarrels in Andalusia. The average of dangerous or mortal wounds, on every great festival at Seville, is, I believe, about two or three. We have, indeed, a well-endowed hospital, named *de los Heridos*, which, though open to all persons who meet with dangerous accidents, is, from this unhappy disposition of the people, almost confined to the wounded. The large arm-chair where the surgeon in attendance examines the patient just as he is brought in, usually upon a ladder, is known in the whole town by the name of the Bullies' chair—*Silla de los Guepos*. Every thing, in fact, attests both the generality and inveteracy of that horrible propensity among the Spaniards. I have met with an original unpublished privilege granted in 1511, by King Don Manoel of Portugal, to the German merchants established at Lisbon, whereby their servants, to the number of six, are allowed to carry arms both day and night, "provided such privileged servants be not Spaniards."

The May-pole, or rather May-cross, is an observance in some parts of Spain, round which the children beg; and the author says—

"I am inclined to believe that the illuminated grottoes of oyster-shells, for which the London children beg about the streets, are the representatives of some Catholic emblem, which had its day as a substitute for a more classical idol. I was struck in London with the similarity of the plea which the children of both countries urge in order to obtain a halfpenny. The "It is but once a year, sir!" often reminded me of the

*La Cruz de Mayo*  
que no come ni bebe  
en todo el año.

The Cross of May  
Remember pray,  
Which fasts a year and feasts a day.

St. John's Eve is observed with national peculiarities:

"Feelings far removed from those of devotion prevail in the celebration of the Baptist's festival. Whether it is the inviting temperature of a midsummer night, or some ancient custom connected with the present evening, 'Saint John,' says the Spanish proverb, 'sets every girl a gadding.' The public walks are crowded after sunset, and the exclusive amusement of this night, flirtation, or in the Andalusian phrase *pelar la Pava*, (plucking the hen-turkey) begins as soon as the star-light of a summer sky, unbroken by the partial glare of lamps, enables the different groups to mix with a liberty approaching that enjoyed in a masquerade. Nothing in this kind of amusement possesses more

zeal than the chat through the iron bars of the lower windows, which begins about midnight. Young ladies, who can compose their mammas to sleep at a convenient hour, glide unperceived to the lower part of the house, and sitting on the window-sill, behind the lattice-work, which is used in this country instead of blinds, wait, in the true spirit of adventure, (if not pre-engaged to a dull, common-place matrimonial prelude,) for the chance sparks, who, mostly in disguise, walk the streets from twelve till dawn. Such, however, as the mere love of mirth induces to pass the night at the windows, generally engage another female companion, a sister, a friend, and often a favourite maid, to take a share in the conversation, and by a change of characters to puzzle their out-of-doors visitors. These too, when not seriously engaged, walk about in parties, each assuming such a character as they consider themselves most able to support. One pretends to be a farmer just arrived from the country, another a poor mechanic, this a foreigner speaking broken Spanish, that a *Gallego*, making love in the less intelligible dialect of his province. The gentlemen must come provided with no less a stock of sweetmeats (which from the circumstance of being folded each separately in a piece of paper are called *Papellitos*) than of lively small talk and wit. A deficiency in the latter is unpardonable; so that a bore, or *Majadero*, if not ready to quit the post when bidden, is soon left to contemplate the outside of the window-shutters. The habitual distance at which the lower classes are kept from those above them, prevents any disagreeable meddling on their part; and the ladies who indulge in these frolics, feel perfectly safe from intrusion and impertinence.

The sauntering about the fields, practised by the populace of Madrid on the same night, is there called "*Coger la Verbena*," gathering Vervain; an appellation evidently derived from an ancient superstition which attributed preternatural powers to that plant when gathered at twelve o'clock on St. John's Eve.

The room where a person lies dangerously ill, generally contains more relics and amulets than the chimney-piece of an invalid under the care of a London apothecary holds phials of all shapes and sizes. The friends of a lady near her confinement, vie with each other in procuring her every kind of supernatural assistance for the trying hour; when, strange to say, she is often dressed in the episcopal robes of some saint, which are supposed to act most effectually when in contact with the body of the distressed petitioner. But whatever patrons the ladies may choose to implore in those circumstances, there are two whose assistance, by means of relics, pictures, or the apparel of their images, is never dispensed with. The names of these invisible accoucheurs are, *Saint Raymondus Nonnatus*, and *Saint Vincent Ferrer*. That the former should be considered as peculiarly interested in such cases, having, as his addition implies, been extracted from the womb of his dead mother, is perfectly clear and natural. But *Ferrer's* sympathy requires a slight explanation.

That saint—a native of Valencia, and a monk of the order of Saint Dominic, possessed the gift of miracles in such a degree, that he performed them almost unconsciously, and not unfrequently in a sort of frolic. Being applied to, on a certain occasion, by a young

married lady, whom the idea of approaching maternity kept in a state of constant terror, the good-natured Saint desired her to dismiss her fears, as he was determined to take upon himself whatever inconvenience or trouble there might be in the case. Some weeks had elapsed, when the good Monk, who had forgotten his engagement, was heard in the dead of night roaring and screaming in a manner so unusual, and so little becoming a professional Saint, that he drew the whole community to his cell. Nothing, for a time, could relieve the mysterious sufferings, and though he passed the rest of the night as well as could be expected, the fear of a relapse would have kept his afflicted brethren in painful suspense, had not the grateful husband of the timid lady who was the cause of the uproar, taken an early opportunity to return thanks for the unconscious delivery of his consort. Saint Vincent, though according to tradition perfectly unwilling to stand a second time proxy for nervous ladies, is, from a very natural sympathy, constantly in readiness to act as the male Lucina of the Spanish matrons. . . .

The moral accountableness of a human being, as I have observed before, does not, according to Catholic divines, begin till the seventh year; consequently, such as die without attaining that age, are, by the effect of their baptism, indubitably entitled to a place in heaven. The death of an infant is therefore a matter of rejoicing to all but those in whose bosoms nature speaks too loud to be controlled by argument. The friends who call upon the parents, contribute to aggravate their bitterness by wishing them joy for having increased the number of angels. The usual address on these occasions is *Angelitos al Cielo!* Little Angels to Heaven—an unfeeling compliment, which never fails to draw a fresh gush of tears from the eyes of a mother. Every circumstance of the funeral is meant to force joy upon the mourners. The child, dressed in white garments, and crowned with a wreath of flowers, is followed by the officiating priest in silk robes of the same colour; and the clergymen who attend him to the house from whence the funeral proceeds to the church, sing in joyful strains the psalm *Laudate, pueri, Dominum*, while the bells are heard ringing a lively peal. The coffin, without a lid, exposes to the view the little corpse covered with flowers, as four well-dressed children bear it, amidst the lighted tapers of the clergy. No black dress, no signs of mourning whatever are seen even among the nearest relatives; the service at church bespeaks triumph, and the organ mixes its enlivening sounds with the hymns, which thank death for snatching a tender soul, when, through a slight and transient tribute of pain, it could obtain an exemption from the power of sorrow."

There is a very interesting account of the massacre of the people of Madrid, on the memorable 2d of May 1808, with which, not to burden this Number too exclusively with Spanish affairs, we shall conclude in our next Number.

*The Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler: with Notes by Robert Thyer, &c.* A new Edition, corrected and enlarged; in 2 Vols. 8vo. Vol. 1, pp. 208. London 1822. Charles Baldwin.

Mr. Thyer's "Posthumous Remains of Butler" was published in 1789, and has now be-



come scarce. Possessing the striking characteristics of the author of *Hudibras*, great wit, extraordinary humour, and a vivid delineation, proceeding from a vivid perception of the follies and foibles of mankind, these pieces were worthy of the conservation thus bestowed, and equally worthy of the resuscitation which they have now received. This, the first volume, is printed in a handsome style; and embellished, besides a portrait of Thyer, after Romney, by Worthingtop, with exceedingly clever designs by Thurston and Brooke, engraved by Branstons, Thompson, and Hughes.

Several original pieces, as well as additions to Mr. Thyer's annotations, are mentioned; but not having the means of comparison immediately at hand, we speak doubtfully when we express our belief from recollection, that the present volume possesses no novelty, except a few editorial notes and perhaps a few lines of different readings. The principal poem is the celebrated satire on the Royal Society, *The Elephant in the Moon*: the rest are satires, odes, ballads and miscellanies, all of them we fancy familiar to the admirers of Butler. This is a sufficient reason for our not going into any detailed exemplification of the work by extracts. We shall merely quote two or three passages, which, however often read, may be perused again with pleasure.

#### On Swearing.

How copious is our language lately grown,  
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon?  
And yet how expressive and significant,  
In *dumme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant?  
As if no way express men's souls so well,  
As damning of them to the pit of hell;  
Nor any asseveration were so civil,  
As mortgaging salvation to the Devil;  
Or that his name did add a charming grace,  
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.

#### Satire on the Licentiousness of the Age.

On Englishmen who affect the manners of Foreigners,  
and reside in foreign Countries.

Who would not rather get him gone  
Beyond th' intolerablest zone;  
Or steer his passage through those seas,  
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
Than see one nation go to school,  
And learn of another, like a fool?  
To study all its tricks and fashions  
With epidemic affections;  
And dare to wear no mode or dress,  
But what they, in their wisdom, please;  
As monks are, by being taught.  
To put on gloves and stockings, caught:

Disdain the country, where th' were born,  
As bastards their own mothers scorn;  
And that which brought them forth condemn,  
As it deserves, for bearing them:  
Admire whate'er they find abroad,  
But nothing here, though e'er so good.  
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,  
And only foreigners at home;  
To which th' appear so far estrang'd,  
As if th' had been i' th' cradle chang'd;  
Or from beyond the seas convey'd  
By witches—not born here, but laid;  
Or by outlandish fathers were  
Begotten on their mothers here,  
And therefore justly slight that nation,  
Where th' have so mongrel a relation;  
And seek out other climates, where  
They may degenerate less than here;  
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,  
Borne on the winds' wings and their own,

Forsake the countries where th' are hatch'd,  
And seek out others, to be catch'd:

To assume a confidence beyond  
Mankind, for solid and profound;  
And still the less and less they know,  
The greater dose of that allow:  
Decry all things; for to be wise  
Is not to know, but to despise,  
And deep judicious confidence  
Has still the odds of wit and sense,  
And can pretend a tide to  
Far greater things than they can do.

Satire on our ridiculous imitation of the French.

#### Critics and Criticism.

--- daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,  
Like scattered shot, and pass with some for wit.  
Who would not rather make himself a judge,  
And boldly usurp the chair,  
Than with dull industry and care  
Endure to study, think, and drudge  
For that, which he much sooner may advance  
With obstinate, and pertinacious ignorance?

For all men challenge, tho' in spite  
Of nature and their stars, a right  
To censure, judge, and know;  
Tho' she can only order who  
Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:  
Then why should those, whom she denies  
Her favour and good graces to,

Not strive to take opinion by surprise,  
And ravish, what it were in vain to woo?  
For he, that despatchingly assumes  
The censure of all wits and arts,  
Tho' without judgment, skill, and parts,  
Only to startle and amuse,  
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use  
With gaudy colour'd plumes  
Their homely nether parts) adorn)  
Can never fail to captive some,  
Will submit to his oraculous doom,  
And rev'ence what they ought to scorn;  
Admire his sturdy confidence  
For solid judgment, and deep sense;  
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,  
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

The feeblest vermin can destroy,  
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey;  
And only with their eyes and breath  
Infect, and poison men to death.  
These, it must be owned, are both richly  
witty and bitterly severe. We entirely agree  
with the Editor, in the censure he has ap-  
plied to the publication known by the name  
of *Butler's Posthumous Works*, of which several  
editions ran through the press previous to  
1730. They are disgraced by much filth that  
never came from Butler's pen; yet there are  
several curious articles in the collection.  
We observe, that in the genuine republication  
the designer has borrowed the print of  
Duval, the highwayman, from this old work.  
Upon the whole, the style in which Mr.  
Baldwyn has produced this desideratum (in-  
duced we doubt not by the *Retrospective*  
Review, which is doing so much both for our  
ancient and modern literature) entitles him to  
our thanks and the book to general favour.

*An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution,  
including an Account of the Religion,  
Manners and Literature in Spain, &c.* By  
Edward Blaquiére. Esq. 8vo. pp. 656.  
London 1822. Whittakers.

HAVING prepared for our present Number a  
notice of a very agreeable work upon Spain,  
a volume which, with whatever imperfections

belong to it, affords one of the most accurate pictures of Spanish manners with which we are acquainted, we refrain from entering at large into that consideration of Mr. Blaquiére's history, which would overload our pages with the same subject. We are the more readily induced to do this, as there is nothing of pressing or temporary interest in the later publication, and the extract we have promised from *Doblado* will serve to illustrate and contrast its leading views. We now therefore only intimate its appearance, and that it furnishes a detailed account of the revolutions in Spain for the last fourteen years; and that the author seems to have connected himself rather closely with one of the parties, and writes accordingly *re infecta*.

*Bourn's Gazetteer.* 3d edit. 8vo. pp. 984.  
London 1822. J. Mawman.

On the first blush of the title a *Gazetteer* does not seem to promise that quantum of literature which should recommend it to our notice; but Mr. Bourn has so executed his design, as not only to aid the traveller, but to amuse the reader. We are not surprised therefore that his work has reached a third edition. It is every way worthy of favour, and contains a great deal of historical, biographical, and miscellaneous intelligence; besides furnishing in an agreeable form that geographical information which is its more direct object. By connecting interesting facts with the names of places, the memory is more fixedly impressed with their dry relations; and anecdotes, like the artificial system of mnemonicks, are pegs on which to hang the recollections of site, topography, magnitude, population, dates, and other matters apt to be forgotten. Poetical illustrations are equally beneficial; and Mr. Bourn has displayed much taste and judgment, as well as industry and research, in associating all these helps with his vocabulary of names. We subjoin, without selection, half a dozen of the particular entries, to show the manner in which the volume is compiled, and have no hesitation in saying that we consider it to be, as a whole, excellently conceived and ably performed.

"AMALFI, a town of Italy, on the Gulf of Salerno, about 30 miles SE of Naples. It was the birth-place of Flavio Gioia, who invented the mariner's compass. The Pandects of Justinian were discovered here in 1137. These are laws by which the Roman empire was governed from the Punic War to Augustus, and thence to Constantine, and from Constantine downwards. Rome's legal code at length on Naples' coast; By chance recover'd, as by ravage lost, Soon wiser laws, the work of many an age, (sage, Plann'd by the prince, the statesman, and the Mix with the edicts fram'd in error's school, And smooth the rigid form of Gothic rule; Wisdom unseals charm'd Reason's drowsy eyes, And once again Astraea leaves the skies. Themis abash'd, her folly taught to feel, Less frequent makes to Heaven the rash appeal, And blushes to decide the doubtful right By burning ordeal, or the listed fight. The haughty noble quits the civil sword, And the gown'd judge succeeds the feudal lord, Impartial justice curbs the oppressive deed, And science smiles from savage licence freed."

#### PYE's Refinement.

BUTLER'S *Ex. on Globes*; MACKENZIE; ROBERTSON'S *Hist. America*; PINKERTON—Aniello, or Masaniello, a poor fisherman of Naples,

who raised a violent commotion at that city in 1647, in consequence of some impositions in form of taxes, was born at Amalfi. 14. 45. E. 40. 28. N.—*Diet. Un. Hist.*

"BELUS, a small river of Galilee, running from the foot of Mount Carmel, out of the Lake Cendevia. Here, it is said, Hercules found the plant *Colocasia*, which effected the cure of his wounds. According to Pliny, the art of making glass was discovered by some mariners who were boiling a kettle upon the sand of this river. It continued for ages to supply, not only the manufactories of Sidon, but all other places, with materials for that purpose. Vessels from Italy continued to remove it, for the glass-houses of Venice and Genoa, so late as the middle of the 17th century.—*CLARKE'S Travels; Cyclop. art. Glass.*

"CASSEL, 18 miles from Ypres, department of the North, France. In the year 1677, the prince of Orange was defeated here by the French under Luxembourg.—*Mod. Europe.*—In attempting to rally his dispersed troops, the prince struck one of the run-a-ways across the face with his sword. 'Rascal!' cried he, 'I will set a mark on you at present, that I may hang you afterwards.'—*TEMPLE'S Mem.; Delices des Pays Bas.*—2. 39. E. 50. 47. N.

"DIEMEN'S LAND, or VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, an island in the form of an oblong square, about 160 British miles long, by half that breadth; separated by a channel more than 30 leagues wide; called Bass's Straits, from New Holland. For this discovery we are indebted to Mr. Bass, a surgeon, after whom the Straits have been named. Accompanied by Mr. Flinders, a naval gentleman, he entered the straits between the latitudes of 39. and 40. S. and actually circumnavigated Van Diemen's Land.—*COLLINS'S Acc. of New S. Wales.*—The discovery was made in a single whale-ship; and this vessel may be said to have been consecrated by that great discovery and hazardous navigation; for it is preserved in the harbour with a sort of religious veneration: some snuff-boxes have been made out of its keel, of which the possessors are both proud and jealous.—*Lit. Pan.* vii. 914, from M. Peron's Voyage.—The boat was only 8 feet in length, and was called the *Tom Thumb*, and the crew consisted only of themselves and a boy.—*Non. Rev.* lxxvi. 166, from Flinders's Voy. to Terra Australis.—This island was discovered by Tasman, in 1642, from whom it received its name in honour of the Dutch governor-general, but is now a British colony. It is situated between the parallel of 39. and 44 deg. of S. lat., blessed with a temperate climate, and the soil producing abundantly.—*Geo. and Descriptive Delin.* of V. D. Land, by Lieut. JEFFREYS.

"EPWORTH, a village in the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, and the birth-place of John and Charles Wesley, the distinguished leaders of the Arminian Methodists.—See DORT; WHITEHEAD'S *Life of the Wesleys*.—The father of the Wesleys was the first who wrote in defence of the Revolution. The work he dedicated to queen Mary, who rewarded him for it with the living of Epworth. John was born here on the 17th of June, in 1703. When he was six years old he had nearly perished in his father's house, which had been set on fire by some wretches who hated their pastor.—*Chris. Ob.* xvi. 86.—The title of Methodists was given them in the first instance by a fellow of Merton College, in allusion to an ancient College of Physicians at Rome, who were remarkable for putting

their patients under regimen, and were therefore called Methodistic. Themison was the founder of this sect, about 30 or 40 years before the Christian era, and it flourished, according to Alpinus, about 300 years. Le Clerc informs us, that the physicians of this sect were called *Methodists*, because they took it into their heads to find out a more easy method of teaching and practising the art of physic. That Themison was a man of most extensive practice, is evidently implied in the words of Juvenal, in his 10th Satire: How many patients Themison dispatch'd, In one short autumn!

What crowds of patients the town doctor kills, Or how, last fall, he raised the weekly bills.

"FOSSA NUOVA, a village and abbey of Italy, on the ruins of the little town of Forum Appii, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, and by Horace in his account of his journey to Brundisium.

To Forum Appii thence we steer, a place [base. Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners It is said that St. Thomas Aquinas died at this convent. Legendary story says, that his body was afterwards required by the king of France, and ordered to be carried to Toulouse, but one of the monks, before the removal of the body, cut off the saint's head, and annexed another in its room; the true head was hid in the wall of the convent, and afterwards found (as the monkish fable reports, in consequence of some scratching and knocking, which occasioned the wall to be pulled down,) as fresh as the day when it was cut off. 13. 10. E. 41. 23. N."

These extracts, taken almost at random from the first six letters of the alphabet, will, we trust, suffice to prove that Mr. Bourn's plan is a very good one, and very pleasantly executed.

#### BOOTH'S ANALYTICAL DICTIONARY, PART I.

We rejoice to find that our notice of this work has excited a great interest in its favour, and we trust that the expression of public opinion will encourage the author to devote himself to the finishing of his design as speedily as possible. To increase the sentiment of approbation, we proceed to complete our miscellaneous extracts.

"TO HATCH is to bring forth, but is applied only to birds, who are said to Hatch their eggs. To Hatch (etymologically connected with Hat, Hide, &c.) in a literal sense, is to cover; and hence, the HATCHES of a ship are the trap-doors, on the deck, that shut up or cover the entrances through which goods are lowered into the hold. Above the Hatches is the HATCHWAY. In scientific language, the bird when sitting on her eggs is said to INCUBATE, (Latin *incubare*, to lie, or sit upon,) and Hatching is INCUBATION. To Hatch and to Breed, in their metaphorical usage, are generally distinguished by the former being more outwardly, and the latter more inwardly active. A man Hatches plots and Broods over his misfortunes. A HATCH is a brood of young Birds; and, from a similar source, (*Cover*) we have COVEY, applied by sportsmen to a flock of partridges which haunt the same COVERT, or shelter.

"The Saxon *team* was a train or succession, and, in a consequent sense, a race or progeny. We have preserved the word in applying it to the line of horses, or of oxen yoked behind one another for the purpose of draught. We call them a TEAM of horses, or a Team

of oxen. A flight of birds, when following in regular succession, is also called a Team. To TEAM, (Saxon *tyman*), is from the same source. It signifies to bring forth young abundantly, or in constant succession. The participle TEAMING differs from PROLIFIC, (Latin *proles*, a race, or shoot, and *facere*, to make) it being, essentially, in a continued state of activity." - - -

The Latin *pago*, anciently *pago*, I fix, or settle, signified, literally, that sort of fixture or settlement which is made by driving a stake into the ground. Its consequent meanings, to plant, to settle, to pacify (from another orthography of the same word, *pacare*), to make a covenant or agreement, (*pactum*) to compose or put together, &c. are of easy derivation. The last-mentioned usage is the origin of the word PAGE, which is the portion of a book that is composed, or placed together, on one side of a folio or leaf. PAGINAL, belonging to a Page, is seldom written. To PAGE is to number the Pages.

From the same source was *pagus*, a village, or tribe, in the same manner as we now speak of a plantation or settlement. Relative to Rome, those inhabitants of the country were termed *pagani*, PAGANS. The word, which in old authors is sometimes written *PAINIMS*, has been brought down to us by theological writers; and hence, like the term Gentiles, it denotes, particularly, those tribes or nations who have not embraced the doctrines of Christianity. The PAGAN or PAINIM rites and ceremonies are what we, otherwise, term the HEATHEN worship; that is, (Greek *ethnos*, a nation,) the worship of the nations, or gentiles. We use the terms HEATHENISH, HEATHENISHLY, and HEATHENISHNESS, to express a similarity in manners, conduct and religion, to the Pagans or HEATHENS. Their religion is, indifferently, termed HEATHENISM, or PAGANISM. A HEATH is a wild, uncultivated piece of ground; and often covered with one or other of the species of the shrub called HEATH or HEATHER,—the ERICA of Botanists. Such ground is HEATHY, or HEATH-COVERED. The HEATHCOCK, or BLACKCOCK, is a species of Grouse, TETRAO, *tetrax* of Linnaeus. The PAGANALIA, among the Romans, were rural festivals in honour of Ceres. The PEASANTS, that is, the Villagers or Country people, (French, *païs*, contracted from *pais*, the country,) men, women, and children, walked, in solemn procession, round the villages, making their lustrations, and offering their sacrifices. These, and indeed, all the solemnities of the Heathens, were vain and wicked in the eyes of the Christians; and hence Banners, Trophies, and other articles of pomp and splendour, borne in vulgar, useless, and unmeaning procession, as well as those processions themselves, are termed PAGEANTS. Collectively considered, they are PAGEANTRY, as the collective body of Peasants are denominated PEASANTRY. The Peasantry are tenants and labourers, and are thus contradistinguished from the Lords of the soil. PAGOD, or PAGODA, is the name given, (originally by the Portuguese,) to the temples of China and Hindostan. It is also a name for the Idol of such a temple, as well as of certain coins that carry the impression of the figure of those idols. ETHNIC has been written for Heathen.

From the same Latin word, *pagare*, to plant, was formed *promagare*, to spread, or plant out, to increase by shoots, or layers, like the stock of a vine, which was figuratively applied to the procreation of men and animals. From

this comes our verb *To PROPAGATE*, meaning, to increase the species of which we speak, whatever it may be. *PROPAGATION* is more extended in its usage than *Generation*. The Generator only begets his own kind. The *PROPAGATOR* adds to the number of any *PROPAGABLE* class of beings, by whatever means. He may be a planter of trees, a breeder of animals, or the father of a family of children. In the metaphorical usage, for instance, to *Generate* a falsehood would be to conceive and hatch it, while to *Propagate* it would be merely to spread abroad what might have been invented by another. The missionary Jesuits were *PROPAGANDISTS*; and we have an incorporated society for the *Propagation of the Gospel*. - - -

"The Latin *pullare* signified, to spring, or bud; and, from its diminutive, our Dictionaries have *To PULLULATE*, to germinate. The young of certain domestic animals, and particularly the brood of the common Hen, were called, by the Romans, *puli*; in the same manner that our farmers call their Pigs *Smoots*, when they have ceased to be sucklings, but are not yet full grown. *PULLETS* are young fowls, of the barnyard Cock and Hen breed, and differ from *CHICKENS*, as youth do from children. A *Chicken* is otherwise, called a *CHICK*, and has the diminutive *CHICKLING*. *CHICKENHEARTED* is timid as a *Chicken*. A similar idea is expressed by the word *HENHEARTED*; and a Man who skulks, or runs away when he should defend himself is a *POLTRON*, which, from its augmentative termination, signifies a *great coward*. *POLTRONERY* is extreme cowardice. These words are often (and we think with more propriety) written *POLTROON* and *POLTROONERY*. All kinds of domestic Fowls, brought up in the farm-yard, are *POULTRY*; and a dealer in Poultry, as articles of food, is a *POULTREER*. *CHICKWEED* is a small plant growing, generally, in garden wastes, and on dunghills, the seed of which is said to be agreeable to *Chickens*. It is the *Ailone* and *Stellaria media* of modern Botanists. *To PULE* is to cry like a chicken in a weak, reiterated, whining tone. The Hen *CLUCK*, or *CRUCK*, when she calls her young. The words are probably imitations of the sound; and those who have attended to the mutation of consonants, as explained in the Introduction, will readily perceive that the word *Cock*, to which we must refer for other natural and metaphorical derivations, is from the same origin.

"The Latin *puellus*, a little boy, is also from *pullare*, to bud, in the same sort of metaphor, that, in colloquial language, we call a young gentleman a *SPRIG* of quality; comparing him to the sprig of a tree. In common language a *PRIG* is a young coxcomb, and has the adjective and adverb *PRIGGISH* and *PRIGGISHLY*. The constant comparison of animal with vegetable existence prevails in all languages. Our older writers, for instance, have the word *IMP*, signifying the shoot or scion of a tree,—and also a child. *To IMP* was to engraft; that is, to insert a young scion, so as it may grow into an old stock. When, as was not uncommon, any of the feathers of the pinion of a Hawk were broken, the Falconer inserted others in their stead, thus imping his wing that he might not flag in his flight." - - -

"The word *PARASITE*, of which *Parasitical* is the adjective, is from the Greek *para*, at or near, and *siton*, corn, or food. The Athenians gave the title of *Parasites* to those ministers of the Gods who had the charge of

the corn, destined for the sacrifices and the feasts. In a consequent sense, a *Parasite* was one who frequented the tables of the great; and as food is, by implication, the principal motive, the name has, both in ancient and modern times, been applied to a person who, by means of flattery and servility, fastens himself upon another, in order that he may live by his bounty. *PARASITICALLY* is the adverb, and *PARASITISM* has been used to denominate the manners of a *Parasite*.

"Ivy and other climbing plants, which derive their nourishment from the ground, but cling to others for their support, have also been termed *Parasitical*; but the true *Parasites*, which have their roots inserted in the Bark and other parts of shrubs and trees, are, generally, either *Mosses* or *Fungi*. There is, however, one remarkable exception in the *white MISSEL*, *MISSELTOW*, or *MISTLETOE*. It is an evergreen flowering shrub,—the *viscum album* of Linnaeus. It grows upon apple, ash, and other trees, but seldom upon the oak; although it is with this tree that it is particularly associated in mythological history. The *Mistletoe* of the Oak has been held sacred by different and distant orders of Priesthood;—by the Magi of the Persians, and by the Druids of the northern Nations. It was a specific in cases of Epilepsy, but does not appear in the modern Pharmacopoeias.

"The juice of the *Mistletoe* has always been famous for the formation of *BIRDLIME*, a slimy, or viscid substance, which is prepared for the purpose of catching birds. This gluey matter, now more generally extracted from the holly, is plastered upon the twigs of the bushy branch of a tree, and placed in the favourite haunt of the birds intended to be caught; who are allured to alight on these twigs, to which their claws, or toes adhere, so as to render them an easy prey to the fowler. The German mist signifies the dung of animals,—matter which, in all languages, is etymologically connected with dirt, slime, and other moist adhesive substances. It is hence that the *MISTLE-TOE* has its name,—and from the same observation of Natural History, the Latin *Viscus* signified not only the plant *Mistletoe*, but also *birdlime* or glue. From this latter source we have *Viscid*, sticky, or glutinous, in the manner of a slimy substance;—and *VisciditY*, the condition of being so. *Viscous* and *Viscosity* have, respectively, the same meanings with somewhat less of intensity. They approach to the quality and state of *Viscid* and *VisciditY*.

"The *SHRUTE*, or *THRUSH*, the largest of the feathered songsters, (which, from its perching on the tops of tall trees and singing in foul weather, is, in some counties, called the *STORM-COCK*) is otherwise denominated the *MISSEL-BIRD*. This Bird feeds upon the fruit of the *Mistletoe*, and thus propagates the plant, by carrying the viscid berries from tree to tree. The fable of former times was, that the excrements of the *Misselbird* were *birdlime*, by which she herself was sometimes entangled; and hence the Latin proverb, *Turdus malum sibi caecit*,—'The Thrush voids her own sorrow.' - - -

An inquiry into the word *Oak* brings forward a list of the trees of that species, but the illustrations of this subject, and a few other quotations, must be deferred.

#### MEMOIRS OF ARTEMI.—(Conclusion.)

We are compelled at length to come to a close with our most entertaining Artemi. His gratitude to Providence for the two suits

of clothes given him by Major B. would not, in its expression, have disgraced *Huntington*, the famous S.S. (sinner saved), to whom we think the Armenian, for cunning, roguery and sanctity, bears a strong resemblance.

His cup of felicity is not however all so honied; and a voyage to Astrachan makes our neophyte in naval affairs acquainted with all the horrors of salt-water travelling.

Previons to leaving Persia, an affecting military spectacle is mentioned:—

"At the last parade, the general, in the presence of an innumerable concourse, asked almost every private soldier if he had any reason to be dissatisfied with him. They replied with one voice, that they respected him as their father, and should never cease to remember his kindness and to bless his name. This officer actually treated his troops with all the affection that the tenderest father can show for his children: this scene moved them all profoundly, even to tears.

"The Count went immediately from the front of the lines on board a yacht, and the troops proceeded along the shore to Derbent. Mr. B— took his passage in a frigate: he messed with the officers, and I with the sailors. Unaccustomed to the sea, I soon became sick, could eat nothing but bread; and even the water, which had been put into brandy hogsheds, was so nauseous to me that I could not drink it. On the fourth day, Mr. B—, observing my weak state, with truly paternal attention prevailed on the captain to supply me with victuals from his table.

"The day passed tolerably well, but the night was dreadful. There was no end to mirth and jokes. Thus the captain passed high encomiums on a Moldavian, whose lips he praised as an index of the weather, for when they turned blue the wind immediately became favourable; and this was really the case."

This new barometer did not foretell the tempest that awaited them; in spite of which Artemi reached his destination. But now in Russia we find no inducement strong enough to prolong this review beyond a very few concluding extracts. At Astrachan, a dispute with a German doctor, who tells him facetiously that he is surely a native of Choi, leads to the following curious display of Armenian literature.

"I was nettled by this indecent jest and the universal laughter which it occasioned. I begged leave to answer the gentleman with that perfect freedom which, though not becoming a servant, a man ought to assume towards his equal. As all the others assented, the doctor could not but do the same: he added, however, that if I said any thing rude he could not feel affronted, as it would be spoken by a fool. I began by observing that he ought to have gone back to the original signification of this name, and to its first inventor; for this word had existed some thousands of years, and would in all probability continue to exist till the end of the world. The righteous Noah, namely, denominated the first spot where he planted the vine after quitting the ark, *Eark-Uri*, that is, the first-planted tree. He afterwards removed his residence to another place, which he named *Nachitschewan*, or new abode. In the sequel he built *Mairant*, where his wife, the second mother of mankind, was buried, and this compound word, *Mairant*, means, The mother is there. Lastly, as his family increased, he settled his children and grandchildren in different places, and gave to each



of them an appropriate appellation: among these was the city of Choi, which is the term applied to the beast, horse, or goat, that leads the herd. The word in those days, as at present, properly denoted strength, vigour; this name was given by Noah himself, and in the same language, which was spoken by our common progenitor, and which we Armenians still speak as his descendants, and the unaltered inhabitants of the country contiguous to the Ararat. He might now laugh as much as he pleased; but I knew that men of honour always avoid such offensive jests, and therefore I begged him in future to exempt me from them, and not lay such a burden on my shoulders, for I had enough to do to perform my duty; and was not here either to endure his taunts or to answer him: and if what I had said was at all unpleasant to his feelings he had nobody to blame for it but himself. My master, mistress, and the rest of the company, clapped their hands, and cried 'Bravo! Bravo!' while I hastily withdrew and returned home."

In August 1797, Artemi arrived at Moscow, and soon after at Petersburg, where he resolved to settle.

"There (says he) I found professors of my own religion, and was informed by them what advantages I might enjoy in quiet, and how they, who had many of them come thither in no better circumstances than myself, had acquired those advantages under the protection of the Russian monarch and laws. I was enchanted with the beauty and vast extent of the city, and with the majestic current of the Newa. The brightest ray of hope beamed upon me, and a presentiment cried with a voice not to be silenced: 'Here thou wilt find rest for thy soul, and prosperity!' Mr. B— at first applied for his removal to the Tula regiment of cavalry, and soon afterwards for his final dismissal: he then strove to persuade me to accompany him; but I was so fascinated with the capital, and the hopes which I had formed of it, that I could not listen to his proposal. I thanked him heartily for all his kindness to me, and for bringing me to so magnificent a place, and thus bade adieu to him and his family.

"Here, however, I had to suffer much, especially in the first years, but more that caused me to laugh than to weep. I raised myself by degrees to a respectable condition in life, and acquired property with my accustomed temperance and moderation."

Our readers may guess what these words mean, by recollecting the stories of the thefts, Scapin-tricks, &c. so naively related of himself by our worthy friend!!

He concludes—

"By way of conclusion, I have merely to add, that Russia is the only country where every son of a foreign land may depend on finding a propitious asylum and perfect security. Praise be to God, who hath prospered me in such manifold ways, who preserveth my life from destruction, who leadeth me from the gates of death and out of deep waters to the indisputable festival of the holy land, who hath given stability to my steps, and crowned me with favours and blessings! Thanks be to Russia, to which I will be faithful and devoted while I live! I heartily thank all my benefactors, whose memory I shall for ever cherish: and I sincerely forgive all my persecutors, cruelly as they have tormented me, and wish with all my heart such of them as are already depart-

ed forgiveness of their sins, and those who are still living that they may become good and upright men."

Altogether we know no book to be compared to the *Memoirs of Artemi*, for amusing personal adventure, and curious pictures of a people almost unknown to Europeans, as well as for valuable geographical information, and intelligence of a more important kind. For story, it is like *Gil Blas*; for descriptive interest, like *Anastasius*. We have only to add the Translator's Postscript.

"Though our biographer concludes with such pious wishes for those who had been his enemies, yet, as accounts from St. Petersburg assure me, he has met with foes in that city. Indeed he is not likely to be without them in any country; for as his oriental vivacity frequently gets the better of that natural timidity arising from the oppression to which he was subject in early life, as he cannot damp his impertinent curiosity, little as it has frequently missed of plunging him into ruin, he never can expect that perfect tranquillity which is very rarely the lot of any individual.

"Upon the whole, the hopes which he built upon his escape to Russia have been realized. He has resided several years in Paris, transacting commercial business for his countrymen at St. Petersburg, and there formed an acquaintance with M. de St. Martin, who mentions him in a passage of his *Mémoires historiques et géographiques sur l'Arménie*, as having assisted the celebrated Chinese scholar, Mr. Julius von Klaproth, in the translation of a work from the Persian. He has acquired property, is at present engaged in a pilgrimage by way of Constantinople to Jerusalem, and is said to have promised to communicate to the world a continuation of his adventures.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

(In a Letter from Professor Lichtenstein at Berlin, 26 July 1822.)

THE Prussian naturalists, Drs. Ehrenberg and Hemprich, on their tour in the interior parts of Northern Africa, safely arrived at the celebrated Dongola, the capital of Nubia, on the 15th of February. This remarkable country, in which the Christian Church was predominant till the end of the 13th century, and whose inhabitants made the bravest resistance for five centuries to the victorious Caliphs and their descendants, has been till now almost entirely closed against the researches of the Europeans. With the exception of the French physician, M. Poncet, who visited Dongola in the year 1700, on his way to Sennar, and describes it in a few pages, nobody has spoken of it as an eye-witness; even Burckhardt and Belzoni were obliged to give up the bold attempt of penetrating so far, till Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, in the year 1812 put an end to the bloody contests which had for such a long time harassed the fertile plains of Nubia, by the total conquest of the Mamelucks. M. Caillaud, the French mineralogist, who reached Dongola in January 1821, and whose travels are now published, followed the victorious army.

Since that time the troops of the Pacha have pursued their march farther southward; Sennar and Kordofan are conquered, and

tranquillity so fully established, that travellers, favoured by Mahomet Ali, may traverse those countries with the greatest security, and find no other difficulties than such as are occasioned by want of provisions in those desert tracts.

Our learned and active countrymen, who, by the assistance of the Royal Academy of Sciences, first accompanied General Minutoli on his travels, and afterwards received from the Prussian government means for continuing their undertaking, have not neglected the opportunity of exploring a country wholly unknown with respect to its natural productions, and their bold enterprise is crowned with the happiest success.

In September last they left Cairo, provided with a firman of the Sultan, with English passports and letters of recommendation to all the English and Prussian Consuls in the Levant; and stooped first in the provinces of El-Fajum and Beni Souef, where they made a rich collection of plants and animals. But their eagerness in collecting plants caused them to be looked upon as compounders of poison, so that every body shunned them. At length, even a complaint was preferred against them, which, however, was put an end to by the decision of the Bey, who commanded in Beni Souef, "That, in future, every person who spoke ill of them should be immediately thrown into the Nile." They of course could have no objection to the people considering them as sorcerers, and relating that no ball was able to kill them.

In the first days of October they arrived at Siout, and in the beginning of the following month at Essouan, the ancient Syene, at which place is the last great cataract of the Nile, near the Island of Elephantine, which is the southern boundary of Egypt towards Nubia. Here they arranged their collections, and packed them up in strong chests, ready to be sent away. So far they had proceeded in a boat on the Nile; but from this place they were obliged to travel, partly at least, by land, on account of the cataracts. The means for doing this were however difficult to be procured, and it was not till after some trouble that twelve camels were brought together, but which would not have been sufficient to carry all the company and baggage. It fortunately so happened, that a caravan of slaves from Wadi Halfa was just coming down the Nile in boats, one of which they hired, and in it Dr. Ehrenberg continued his journey with a part of the baggage, while Dr. Hemprich proceeded by land on camels to Wadi Halfa. Here the two travellers met a few days before Christmas; but other difficulties occurring, Dr. Ehrenberg went on before to Suckot, for the purpose of sending hired camels to carry their effects, and at length Dr. Hemprich followed with the baggage. Thus the month of January passed; and after having allowed the weary animals a few days rest at Suckot, Dr. Hemprich again pursued his journey alone to Dongola, where he arrived on the 15th of February, and was received in the most hospitable manner by Abidin Bey, the Governor of Nubia, to whom he had letters of

recommendation. He not only immediately gave him a very convenient house, and an abundant stock of sheep, fowls, corn, and fodder for the camels; but this friendly man also sent thirty camels to Suckot, to fetch Dr. Ehrenberg and the baggage, which services were of the more importance, as they could not be obtained for money.

After passing Syene, Nature, according to the account of our travellers, assumes an entirely different character: the forms of the animals and plants appear new, and dissimilar from those of Egypt.

Those who travelled by land met whole herds of antelopes, some of which were killed by skilful European huntsmen, whom they had taken into their service at Cairo. Only three species were prepared for the collection; of a fourth (*Oryx*) they obtained a horn five feet long. Those of the party who went by water heard the constant bellowing of the hippopotamus; herds of zebras and flocks of ostriches approach very near to Dongola; and in the mountains of Kordofan, there are, according to letters from an European in the Pacha's army, lions, panthers, giraffs, and rhinoceroses, besides numerous smaller quadrupeds of singular forms.

Our zealous collectors, since they sent their sixth remittance in September last to Berlin, have again procured more than they will be able to pack in twenty chests. They have directed their attention to all branches of natural history; not only mammalia, birds, amphibie, insects, and beautiful flowering plants, but also (what is still more difficult) the fish and insects of the Nile; the intestinal worms and external parasites of the game which they killed. The more tender lichens and mosses were collected, and when necessary, immediately drawn from the originals in their fresh state and their dissection, by the skilful hand of Dr. Ehrenberg. A hundred of these drawings are already in our possession; two hundred more have since been finished. They have likewise carefully collected the mineral productions, that they may be able to give an account of the conformation and component parts of the mountains they have ascended.

It is the intention of our travellers to remain three months in the neighbourhood of Dongola, then to make an excursion along the Red Sea to Suakin, but to return time enough to reach Sennaar and Kordofan before the rainy season. They expect to be in September in Dongola, whence Dr. Hemprich will set out alone for Cairo, to ship off the collections for Europe, and to receive the commands of the distinguished promoters of the enterprise; in conformity to which, he will then either return to Nubia, or summon his friend to accompany him back to Europe.

At all events, the researches of such able observers will furnish infinitely important additions to our knowledge of the interior of Africa; nay, perhaps afford the long-desired solution of many of those interesting, hitherto undecided questions, respecting the connexion of the great African rivers. Possessed as they are of various and solid knowledge, it is not to be feared

that they will restrict their attention to natural history alone. On the contrary, they show in their reports a lively interest in the splendid monuments of those gigantic ages by which they are surrounded. Perhaps they are destined to be the first Europeans to penetrate into Meroe, and to give us the first account of the probably very extensive remains of the ancient City of the Priests. Their friends are the more entitled to indulge in all these hopes, as they are now perfectly insured to the climate; have obtained, by many a hard trial during the first eighteen months of their stay, an accurate knowledge of the geography, language, and manners of the country, and of the difficulties to be surmounted; and have merited, by indefatigable zeal and perseverance, the success which now appears to wait them. Perhaps our modest naturalists will succeed where our worthy countrymen Hornemann, Seetzen, Köntgen, and so many others failed, who set out with much greater plans.

From October 1820, to August 1821, they sent ten chests and four casks, with objects of natural history, to the Royal Collections of Natural History at Berlin, which are all safely arrived here. They contained—a Mummy in perfect preservation, from the Catacombs of Gizeh; 9 Mummies' Heads from the same; 132 Mammalia, half of which are preserved in spirits of wine, or prepared as skeletons; 375 Birds, of which 61 are in spirits of wine; 176 Amphibie, almost all in spirits of wine; 82 Nile Fishes in ditto; 5000 dried Insects, and a great number in spirits of wine; 1200 Mollusca and Worms, of which 800 in spirits of wine; 800 kinds of dried Plants; 150 specimens of Mineralogy.

These consignments, are rendered particularly valuable by the details accompanying them, which state the place where they were found, the natural character, and the observations made upon them.

This diligence entitles us to entertain the most sanguine hopes of the farther success of this enterprise; and the liberality with which the Government has supported it, enhances the services which Prussia has already done by contributing to the improvement of learning and science.

LICHTENSTEIN.

#### RUSSIAN VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Lieut. Chramtschenko, of the Russian imperial navy, who is in the service of the Russian American Company, discovered on his voyage in 1821, a small uninhabited island in 59° 28' 28" N. lat. and 164° 56' 3" longitude from Greenwich. He met at sea a sloop, "The Discovery," \* under the command of Captain Wassiliew, who informed him that on the 11th of July 1821, he had discovered in 50° 59' 57" N. latitude, and 193° 17' 2" longitude from Greenwich, (it is not stated whether E. or W. longitude) an inhabited hitherto unknown island, forty Italian miles in length. It may be presumed that the inhabitants are of the same race as the Aleutians, for Cap-

\* The same that is mentioned in a letter from Kamtschatka in *Lit. Gaz.* No. 288.

tain Wassiliew was able to converse with them through the Aleutian interpreter on board. They call the island in their language Nuniwak, but Captain Wassiliew gave it the name of his sloop, the "Discovery." Lieutenant Chramtschenko learnt farther, that Captain Wassiliew had sailed on the 1st of February in the preceding year from the harbour of San Francisco, and had reached 71° 7' N. latitude, (that is, 19 minutes farther than Cook.) He kept constantly along the North West coast of America, and discovered two capes, to which he gave the names of the celebrated navigators Golownin and Ricord. The sloop the "Good Intent," belonging to the same expedition, had kept along the East coast of Siberia, but was obliged to put back at 69° by impenetrable ice. These two ships are expected at Cronstadt this summer.†

† By the last account per Copenhagen, it should seem they have really passed the Sound. The account says, "Two Russian frigates have passed the Sound from the North Sea. They are supposed to be the same that were here three years ago, being fitted out at the expense of Count Romanzow for a voyage round the world, which they have now accomplished." We believe, however, they were fitted out by the Russian government.—*Ed.*

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

##### Early Departure of the Swallows.

SIR,—In your Journal of the 3d instant, you inquire the cause of the very early departure of the Swallow, as you observe them to be now congregating (as is usual late in September or October) apparently for that purpose.

In this part of England, 170 miles NW. of London, I have made a similar remark, and accounted for it by the very warm and favourable weather which occurred during the time the first broods were hatched and matured. The air, in the months of May and June, swarmed with myriads of insects, which in less congenial seasons would either have appeared later or in far less numbers. This season was followed by a month of July seldom preceded in the annals of Meteorology; the fall of rain amounted to 7.81 inches, an excess above the average, for the months of July, of 4.71, and nearly one-fourth of our annual average in this part of the country. Such a continued fall necessarily destroyed a great portion of the Swallows' food, and must have occasioned, in addition to the decrease of temperature and humidity, a considerable degree of torpidity, materially interfering with the production of and rearing the second broods. In fact, I have scarcely seen a nest occupied by young Swallows since the early part of June, and have reason to believe the annual flight will be in great measure limited to the first and only brood of the season. Under these circumstances, it can be no longer a matter of surprise that the present birds are already preparing for migration; as, independent of the diminution of food and unfavourable weather, the usual remaining cause for their continuing with us a month or two longer ceases to exist. Every bird is now strong

on the wing—we may therefore expect to lose the greater part of them in a short time. It will be a matter of curiosity for naturalists to note the date when Swallows are last observed. In this neighbourhood I have never seen them before the 7th April, or after the 14th October. E. S. Y.

#### LITERATURE, ETC.

PHANTASMA OF WERNER;  
A Drama by Lord Byron.

LAST night in our study, tired enough with having waded through about two hundred pages of stupid prose, and three hundred pages of stupider verse, just published, we fell gradually into a disturbed slumber. Our troubled head sunk upon the back of the elbow chair, and our elbow leant upon its arm. The inconvenience of the position probably influenced our visions; for we dreamed sundry painful dreams—we can hardly tell whether in close succession or in conglomerated confusion. We fancied ourselves suffocated with the steams of hot-pressed paper; we died and were buried in a book-seller's vault, among a thousand dead living authors, and the horrid remains of still-born poets; we saw a hunt in a certain place that shall be nameless, where the game was the soul of a voluminous writer, the hounds were disembodied reviewers, and the whipper-in an indescribable monster, composed of twenty thousand ideal parts, which on earth formed what was called "the public." This was a barbarous pastime, and in turning from it we must have varied our posture, so as to come more into contact with the sharp angles of our sedentary mahogany. It pressed into our very bones, and we speedily fell into another train: we felt ourselves transported by devils to Mr. Davison's Printing-office, and imagined that we were fast and uneasily asleep upon one of his presses, in which the last sheet of "*Werner, or the Inheritance, a drama in five acts, by the Right Hon. Lord Byron—printed for John Murray, Altemark Street,*" was actually being wrought off.

So extraordinary a circumstance awakened our curiosity, though we did not physically awake, and with genuine editorial ardour we resolved to avail ourselves of the lucky opportunity, and give our readers some account of the forthcoming work. But this was not to be accomplished without difficulty. The noble Lord's productions are acknowledged to be so pernicious when printed on coarse brown paper and at low prices, that those who publish them in fine cream-coloured and expensive editions, with a noble and patriotic regard for the morals of the commonalty, are prodigiously careful to prevent the possibility of instant piracies. They therefore lock up the sheets in secret as fast as they are finished, till the whole is ready. Sleep, however, overcomes obstacles which would utterly baffle the waking sense, and to our astonishment we ascertained that we could not only read with our eyes shut, but through an iron chest as easily as if it had been a pair of spectacles. Thus gifted by Somnus, to whom be the thanks, we dreamed of Werner as follows:

The scene opens in winter, with Werner and his wife, whom we shall call Josephine, at a little village on the borders of Bohemia, accompanied by their youngest son, an interesting boy of eight or ten years of age. Werner is a mysterious personage, but apparently on the verge of the grave: his wife, a

woman of a superior order, of dignified form and liberal attainments. Their struggle between pride and the most abject poverty is deeply distressing; but somewhat lessened by the steward of Prince \*\*\*\*\* (the lord of the village, whose palace is close by) assigning them a residence in one of the houses which form his establishment. This house had been the residence of a certain countess, to whom the prince was attached, and strange stories are told of her disappearance by the gossips of the village, including the steward aforesaid, the postmaster and his wife, and the lawyer, without whom no plot can be carried on in any country town in Germany or England. These gentry try to worm out Werner's secret in vain, (they could not read in their sleep through iron cases!) but the lawyer does contrive to get him partially into his power, by lending him small sums of money, thus destroying his independency of feeling, and, according to the cunning of worldly wisdom, hoping to make a tool of him.

At this period a stranger arrives; a man of high rank. He is Werner's bitterest enemy, and we will, if you please, call him Count Harold, for he is exactly one of those fiend-like, Byronic characters with which our modern school of poetry is peopled. We must suppose, however, that the apparently humble Werner is of equal rank, and that in the wild career of youth he has alienated his father's affections, and forfeited his own fame by voluptuousness, pride, folly, and misconduct—in short, that he is still more a Byronic emanation than even Count Harold, and during the repentance which his better nature has prompted, has wedded Josephine under a feigned name; that he has been partially reconciled to his father, who twelve years before the piece opens had adopted his eldest son, (let us call him Conrad) but has now died without revoking a deed of gift to the Count, executed at the time of his fiercest resentment against his son. This is the reason why the count pursues Werner, to have him taken off, Conrad declared a bastard, and his way to immense possessions cleared of the legal heirs.

Travelling to Bohemia with these views, the count has been rescued from drowning in the Oder by two strangers, a Saxon and a Hungarian; and the whole dramatic personæ (for the strangers are Conrad, the son of Werner, and the Hungarian an associate of a singular character) are brought accidentally within a few hundred yards of each other at the little village where the scene is laid. The count and his preservers are accommodated in the palace by the steward; and Werner ascertains that the man who wants to crush him is so near. Wandering about distractedly in the night, he discovers a secret passage to the chamber where he lies; he penetrates to it, finds him in a deep sleep and the table covered with gold—and robs him, that he may have the means of escaping into Bohemia.

Next morning the robbery excites great confusion, and Conrad encountering his parents, the agonized Werner avows to him the dishonourable act he has committed, in his proud remorse and madness swearing that if the count had stirred he would have stabbed him to the heart. Conrad seems blasted with his father's ignominy. Suspicion, however, does not light upon him, but upon the sinister-looking and dark Hungarian, who is consequently insulted and driven out by the count. The conscious Werner, to make

the only reparation in his power, offers him refuge till the abating of the floods render a journey practicable. In the mean time the count takes measures to arrest Werner, who, warned of this, secretly prepares for flight. The Hungarian attempts the journey, but returns at night and sleeps in the apartment whence the secret passage leads to the count's apartment in the palace. Werner is harassed by horrible presentiments and fearful dreams, nature's wonderful sympathies, for in the morning the Hungarian is gone no one knows whither, and the count is found murdered in his room. Conrad appears to suspect his father, and at all events counsels him to fulfil his plan of flight; and Werner accordingly makes his way to Prague, where he is acknowledged as a magnate, the heir of his father's vast possessions. The cup of his felicity is, however, poisoned by a certain mystery which he cannot develop. His friends are not cordial, his servants are strange, his vassals and tenants reluctant to approach him. He traces these effects to Conrad, but cannot account for their cause, nor why his splendid sphere should have become gloomy and desolate. At this epoch great rejoicings take place for a peace which Bohemia had concluded, and distinguished as one of the highest in the grand procession, Werner recognizes the hateful Hungarian among the spectators. His mind becomes agitated and torn. Is slander busy with his name? What power has this odious person over his destiny, or does he meditate fresh deeds of blood? Does the ghost of the count walk the earth to wither the prosperity of the man who robbed him, and opened, as it were, the door to his murderer? Above all, he feels that the only being in the world on whom his hopes are fixed, his Conrad, is cold, repulsive, and involved in an atmosphere of appalling shadow. In a paroxysm of wretchedness, he orders search to be made for the Hungarian; and that during man voluntarily presents himself at his palace and demands an audience. There alone, in their most splendid hall, with Werner and Conrad, he boldly denies that he assassinated the count, and declares that he knows his murderer.

\* He might be made to describe them somewhat thus in the rough copy:  
Confused and horrid images  
Before me flitted, till my aching sense  
Wretched on the edge of madness. The forms of men  
Scarce known, in indistinct, harassing dreams,  
Haunted imagination's troubled scenes  
With unreal crowds, and mock but mortal pangs.  
These vanished, and anon, in transport led,  
My youth's fair hopes and prospects were renewed.  
Again I trod my loved paternal halls;  
Again I breathed my balmy native air;  
Again my boyish shout rung through the woods;  
Again I loved in the delicious stream,  
And not my limbs alone, my very soul  
Transfused its fevered pulse and agony  
Into the cooling wave. Oh could this calm,  
This sacred and refreshing joy endure!  
There stood my father, he, the dead, alive,  
But pale, and meagre, hollow-eyed and sad—  
Even so I would have worshipped him for ever;  
Alas not so till filial love might speak.  
Sudden the figure changed, human no more,  
A hideous phantom rose to blast my sight.  
In vain I fled; with more than mortal speed  
It followed, persecuted, and avenged  
The guilt of my ingratitude. No tongue  
Can tell the torment of despair, nor shape  
A shadow of my sufferings. I awake . . .



Werner repels this foul suspicion fiercely, and the Hungarian accuses Conrad of being the criminal. Of this fact he produces a dreadful conviction, and the scene of father, son, and accuser, is worthy of the highest powers of Byron. In defiance of an assurance of safety from Werner, Conrad endeavours to destroy the Hungarian; but the former tearing off his rich jewels, enables him to leave the castle. A dialogue, wrought up to the most agonizing pitch, ensues between Conrad and his distracted parent. The former throws off his dissimulation, avows his guilt, and justifies it on the authority of that very parent, who, at the time of the robbery, had attempted to palliate his offence by declaring that some crimes were rendered venial by their occasions, and pleading the transports of passion as their apology. He further confesses that he is the leader of a barbarous banditti, and invites his father to consult the security of their family, and the inheritance of their ancestors, by concealment and prudence. In this terrible visitation, Werner's soul feels the weight of even-handed justice;—involved in utter and inextricable misery, he sinks broken-hearted into the grave, but not before the stern and ruthless Conrad had expiated his villainies with his life, being slain at the head of his band in a conflict with the military.

The noble author may vary it in some points; but such is the story on which the Drama of Werner is founded—according to the puzzle of

## A PHANTASMATOPHAGER.

## PAPYRI OF HERCULEANEUM.

Sir H. Davy's experiments on the Papyrus have closed without producing any marked result. Iodine and chlorine separated the rolls without injuring the ink, which is of charcoal, on which these agents have no action; but the Papyrus itself, containing much undecomposed vegetable matter, baffled the investigation. Of the original 1696 MSS. 431 have been submitted to experiment, or given to foreign governments, by the King of Naples: about 100 of those which remain appear to be in a state to encourage the expectation of their being restored even by the chemical means already known. In general the writing is only on one side, and the MSS. are rolled round sticks, like the webs of our silk merchants. The stick is invariably carbonized, and resembles a bit of charcoal. Sir H. D. suggests, from the nature of the ink on these MSS. and the silence of Pliny, that up to this period the Romans never used galls and iron as a writing ink, and probably that this invention was contemporary with the use of parchment, of which the earliest MSS. at present known are the Codices Rescripti, discovered at Rome and Milan, by M. Mai, including the books of Cicero de Republica, supposed to be of the 2d or 3d centuries.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH.

DURING the period that the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture in London were exhibiting their works, Mr. Stothard was

employing his pencil in decorating the interior of the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; a circumstance that reflects no less credit on the taste than on the liberality of his employers.

It was not in the absence of Native talent that Scotland had recourse to her neighbours: she was directed by judgment in her choice of one of the first masters of design in this, or perhaps any other country: and we hail the example as opening a door of future encouragement to the school of design, and persuade ourselves, that as our cathedrals and churches no longer admit the decorations of art, our public halls, libraries and colleges may be open to their reception,—for without something of this kind it is in vain to hope that painting, in its most exalted character, can be fostered into excellence.

That part of the Library on which the pencil of Mr. Stothard has been employed, is a space about four feet below the dome, from which the interior receives its principal light, and the subject chosen, is Apollo and the nine Muses, together with the first characters of Literature and Science.

The order of the design presents Apollo in the centre, and opposite the entrance, on his left, Euterpe, Terpsichore, Clio, Thalia and Urania; on the right of the god, are Melpomene, Calliope, Erato and Polyhymnia. Right and left of the Muses, boys are seen flying with wreaths of laurel towards the compartments which contain the orators, poets, historians, &c. placed as follows: immediately opposite the figure of Apollo is that of Demosthenes, on whose right is Cicero, and on his left Herodotus and Livy. To the left of the orators are the philosophers and historians, as Newton, Hume, Robertson and Gibbon; on the other side of Newton, Bacon, Napier and Adam Smith. In the group which contains the poets, Homer is the centre, on his right Burns, and Virgil on his left: between Burns and Homer is Shakespeare, and between Virgil and Homer, Milton.

These several groups, together with Apollo and the Muses, are in compartments formed by laurel trees, which separate without interrupting the chain of connexion.

Between the four arches beneath the dome are introduced arabesque ornaments; while the whole, in point of colouring and effect, is calculated to relieve the interior of the building, without interfering with its architectural arrangement, presenting a coup-d'œil which does equal credit to the skill of the artist and the judgment of those engaged in the undertaking.

We understand this matter had been for some months in contemplation, and required great knowledge and employed much consideration, both from the nature of the light and the height, being forty feet from the ground. Mr. Stothard accomplished his task in two months, which might go for four in the ordinary time, as few could have sustained the labour of fourteen hours out of the four and twenty.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE LADY'S REPLY TO A POET'S SONG.

(See last Literary Gazette.)

Oh these are words that sweetly fall  
Like music o'er the sea;  
But when away, will you recall  
All you have said to me?  
I will remember all I heard,  
Think how you look'd the while;  
I shall hang over every word,  
And treasure every smile.  
For ne'er can I forget a tone,  
A look or word of thine:  
But these dreams are for me alone—  
Not thus are hallow'd mine!  
To hope, were happiness complete,  
Such influence on thy heart:  
I ask but one smile when we meet,  
And one sigh when we part.

AGNES.

## TO ELLENE.

From a farre—too farre—distant Countrie.

ELLENE, thou loud'st—stone to mie hearte,  
Thou onlie lous I e'er haue knownt;  
Why was it soe thatte I muste parte  
From thee, for whom I liue alone;  
Ande thus o'er vnkowne countries traie,  
Where each steppe leades from thee awaie!

Since thatte foule daie we saide farewell,  
O'er countlesse wearie miles I'ue beene;  
Ande many curiouse tales coulede telle,  
For mutche of noueltie I'ue seene.  
Butte noughte can giue to me delighte,  
While thvs of thee deprivde the sighte.

Laste Eue I laie beneath a tree,  
The Ladie-moone arising faire;  
Ande thenne mie thoughtes recurred to thee,  
Thou onne sole objecte of mie care.  
Oh! if alle care were sweete as this,  
A worlde of care were onne of blisse!

Ande whenne thatte brighte lampe from above,  
Tinged euerie thinge with siluerie hve,  
Methoughte it was of mie owne lous  
An emblem apposite and true;  
For well I wot, where'er thou arte,  
All gloome of soule will swift departe.

A little clowde arose, and thoughte  
It veiled,—it did notte hide, the moone;  
Ah sure,—I sighed,—I welde dos knowe  
A breaste whence anger flies as soone!  
Thenne o'er mie hearte remembrance crepte  
Of happie daies,—ande thenne I wepte.

Thus alle I see assumes a shape  
Congeniall to mie restless minde;  
Nor can the meanest thinge escape,  
Butte thatte in it I thee doe finde.  
Ande soe mie euerie daie is paste,  
Eache onne an echoe of the laste.

Nor, Ellene, may I e'er forgette,  
This thoughtes and feelings are as mine;  
'Tis bitter sweete to thinke, ande yette  
I woulde notte haue thee, Loue, repine;  
If me to see can ease this paine,  
I quicklie come, nor goe againe!

BETA.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

## AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greyhound.—Chap. IX.

## US THREE IN OUR SITTING BREAKFAST.

"I do not know that I could name a man who was more universally known, or more generally esteemed, than the said James Christie," said the Counsellor; "for he had

the good word of every one, from the first peer in St. James's Square, down to the Moor-fields broker—Yes, the highest personages in the kingdom would go and chat with him by the hour. Pray, Docthor, what think you—was he, or was he not a judge of pictures?"

"Why," replied the Doctor, "he could not fail to have some judgment, being a man of sound intellect: first, because he had more fine pictures pass through his hands than any auctioneer who had lived up to his time; and secondly, because—"

"What more than Cock?—Why he had a great run—a mighty field at one time—and that reminds me of that impudent rogue, Sam Foote. How capably he hit him off! Certainly that was one of the best pieces of mimicry I had ever witnessed. Cock was irritable—however I will do him the justice to say he was a conscientious auctioneer, and sometimes said good things in the rostrum—but he could not manage the picture-dealers. To be sure he had an honest contempt of their dirty tricks; but he had no discrimination, and occasionally mistook a group of unshaven artists, who were not in those days over-long at the toilette, for a nest of dirty brokers, or a confederacy of picture-dealers; and a question touching the authority of Master Cock's judgment from any of these worthies, threw him off his guard, when he was sure to commit himself—worse by his apology, as is often the case with petulant men, than in the error that begot it. Now your painters in all ages were an high, proud, independent sort of gentry—at least so their biographers relate—and I confess my own experience has confirmed that characteristic, as far as I have known them. They are an independent community, and so much the better."

"Pray, Docthor—for that again reminds me of something that I have often turned in my mind—what became of that list of odd sayings and eccentric doings of painters, which you collected so many years ago, and which you intended to publish?"

"O poor Master Davies!" answered my reverend friend,—“poor Tom—that was one of his sins! Why my friend Tom came to me one morning, and what with a little coaxing, and a little flattery thrown into the scale, I am afraid,” added the Doctor in a whisper, “he contrived to beg the loan of them—afterwards asked my permission to publish them, with a treatise on the want of this said independence among the Poets, by way of contrast—exposing the meanness of certain illustrious dedicators to their thrice illustrious dedicatees. Tom was full of it, and I verily believe intended to set about it, but was afraid of the reviewers;—for I must needs lug in Dryden, and Addison, and Pope, and that will never do,” said he—and so the matter was left from time to time, and I never made enquiry about it, until some years after my worthy Tom was laid in the earth. I suppose my labours, like many another scrap-monger's, may have found their way to some other sort of mongers, to wrap butter and cheese. Yet, now you mention it, I do wish, if they were not so disposed of, that I could stumble upon them, for I recollect that the catalogue of whims and eccentricities was very amusing."

"Aye, Sir," replied the Counsellor, "I have heard it related that Sir Godfrey Kneller was pretty blunt—no time-server—and so was Sir Peter Lely, for he would not paint the Judges in their chambers. Then there

was Master Stewart—he was not very mealy-mouthed with his employers, for he tossed their pictures out at window. But my countryman, the Professor, he beat them all out of the field. Believe me, Sirs, he was everlastingly at bay even at his patrons—Yes, Master Barry, he roundly told the old Earl of Radnor, one of the founders of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, when at his Lordship's table—*'O, I pity you men of family—you natural lords—you are coddled babies, the greater part of you, to the end of your days!'*

"Yes, Docthor, once—it must be six and twenty years ago—I was at the Lyceum, that place there in the Strand built by Payne the architect, for the Chartered Society of Artists—he who swallowed up all their funds in bricks and mortar—Well, Sirs, in this very place—in the very Exhibition-room—there, by the strange mutability of mundane matters, was deposited the magnificent collection of that incomparable scoundrel, the Duke D'Orleans, Mister Egalité."

"One morning I went there with Salomon the violin master—Salomon was no mean connoisseur—and there stood Barry with his great coat on his arm—in the dog-days, mind you—reading the schools, as Dick Dalton used to say, and murmuring to himself—*'That has been re-touched—and that has been cleaned—clean-out—d\*\*\*n the Mouchawks—and there! blister the rude hands that did that unholy work!'* To be sure he was a mortal scourge, sleeping and waking, to picture-cleaners; for he used to roar out in his dreams—*'Let that Leonardo da Vinci alone, you miscreant!'*

"Well, but to the point. Who should come in, among the flood of fashionables, but the Duke of Queensberry, who looking through his glass rapidly from one picture to another, with his eye first directed to the floor and next to the ceiling—which, Docthor, reminded me of an old trick in France, namely, the connoisseurs, one on another's shoulder, with a long cloak, or roqueleure, to cover them, and the hat extended above the hands at arm's length—Just so peered his Grace up and down; when addressing himself to another Duke, who knew as little, and cared, perhaps, even less about such matters—*'Pray, my Lud Duke, do you not think that figure is out of drawing?—Very ill drawn, indeed. See, observe, my Lud Duke, those limbs are quite preternatural—contrary to all just form—out of all proportion. It is certainly very incorrect—very outré—and the picture quite common-place indeed.'* The subject, if I recollect rightly, was Rubens's Judgment of Paris."

"Now Lady \*\*\*\*\* and her two sisters, verily the three Scottish Graces, having some knowledge of drawing, and possessing fine taste, took the liberty of admiring the piece. Duke Hamilton gallantly was of their side."

"There is Mister Barry," said his Grace of Queensberry, not at all disposed to yield his opinion—*'let us refer the matter to him.'* It was agreed."

"Mr. Barry, how do you do, Sir?—'My Lord Duke, your most obedient.'"

"Mr. Barry, we have had a little difference of opinion regarding the merits of that picture, and—a—unfortunately the fair are against me, Mr. Barry. I think it not at all in a fine gusto—not at all in the Italian taste. In short, wanting in grace—wanting in—a—in short, a very clumsy composition. Do you not think so, Mr. Barry?"

"Certainly I do not."

"Well but, Sir, with deference, do you call those limbs well drawn?"

"Why not, my Lord Duke?"

"O, then I am no judge, Mr. Barry!" rather haughtily.

"Perhaps not," replied the painter with great indifference.

"But do you mean to say, Barry, that those limbs are anatomically designed?"

"Anatomically—anatomically, my Lord Duke!—ha—ha—ha—ha!—pho—pho! It is a noble production—a magnificent production. Anatomically! turning indignantly away—Yes, they are anatomically designed. Pho—pho! what should you know about anatomy!—and turning on his heel, resumed his occupation of examining the collection in admiration."

"When James Wyatt—ah, there was a man, Sir!" apostrophized the Counsellor—"when my honoured friend Wyatt related this to the King, to be sure how His Majesty laughed, as well he might."

"It was not very courteous of the Professor," observed His Majesty—"but it was proudly said. He felt himself in his own citadel, and knew he was the great man there. It was honest," rejoined the King—"ha—ha—ha! but not decorous. No, Wyatt, I am concerned that so clever, so independent a mind, should possess so little self-control. Sir, Mr. Barry is coarse, and rude to men as honest as himself—to the members of his own profession, of his own body. He is rude even to Sir Joshua Reynolds—and he must be wrong! Your President is not only a fine artist, but a fine gentleman."

"So you think my old friend James Christie had a greater run than Master Cock, aye, Docthor?"

"Doubtless—and I would venture to say, within a few years after his commencement in Pall Mall, after he had built his great room, that he had more grand sales than Cock and Langford together. Christie, although a man of not much education, as I have heard, was blessed with a good understanding. He had an engaging manner, a fine address, and indeed I may add, an elegant mind. Sirs, he was highly gifted. His great sales, particularly his picture-sales, used to draw together not only all the topping connoisseurs and virtuosi, but all the beauty and fashion of the West-end, and subsequently the Dons from the East. Master James had the good fortune to sail in, as it were, on the spring-tide of collecting, when your commercialists altered their style of living; when the gates of Temple-bar were first opened to let the flood of Taste a little way into the City. Wealth, wealth, Sirs—superabundance of wealth, generally diffused as it has been within the last forty years, has wrought a mighty change in these matters. Your Angersteins and your Harmans, your Davidsons and your Hibberts, and multi alii, have become collectors and patrons of the Arts, whose dull progenitors knew, nor cared no more for these delightful pursuits, than their chuckle-headed idols, messires Gog and Magog, in their Guildhall."

"Then, Sirs, with reference to Christie, as I said before, he could not fail to have some judgment, seeing so many first-rate old Masters as he did; and then, my worthy Counsellor, he could have the advice of counsel where he had a knotty point. Aye, such men as his neighbour Gainsborough, who resided in the very house, if I am not mistaken, now occupied by our upright and excellent

Thomas Paine—Bless me how well he wears!—at least so it struck me as I had a bow from him, standing betwixt his two carriages, as I was riding along. Then his neighbour Cosway—alas! poor Tiny Cosmetic, as that wicked wag, Master Anthony Pasquin, dubbed him—Poor Cosway, he was always ready with his friendly advice: he was a neighbour too. Then Reynolds—his opinion was ever at Christie's service; and our old friend Benjamin West—his word was an indisputable authority, when he was disposed to let it out. But I verily believe he had no reserve with Master Christie. Stay! hold! let me see—then there was Tresham—yes, he was a prime authority. I should think he and West were the most notable judges of hands among all the learned fraternity; and as I have been told, no picture-dealer dared open his mouth against their dictum, in their presence at least.

"No man knew the merits of a picture, I suppose, better than Sir Joshua; but he was not so able a connoisseur as either of these, touching the knowledge of hands. Indeed I have heard that great soul candidly acknowledge this. Ah! dear Sir Josh—when shall we see his like again!"

"Why I agree with you, Docthor," replied the Counsellor; "West indubitably understood picture-craft above all others. He was learned in hands—most learned. He was cool and sagacious, and had made it his business; for the King, who was no mean judge of hands, used frequently to consult Master Benjamin, and such an honour would naturally stimulate a man to exertion. Sirs, if West had not been master of the business, the King would have dubbed him ignoramus in a twinkling."

"Aye, no doubt," said the Doctor; "the world knew little of our good old Sovereign's penetration. I believe he possessed the tact of reading men as well as any prince that ever filled a throne—and that reminds me of a little story which I heard whispered one day, when we were sitting over our wine at the Deanery. It was when Owen's picture of the worthy Docthor Vincent was just completed and brought home—that picture from which there is an engraving by a clever young artist, Meyer, or Miers, a nephew of Hopper the portrait-painter, prefixed to the History of the Old Abbey. Well, Sirs, this picture stood on a chair for inspection, and led naturally enough to the subject of the Arts and the Royal Academy, and the founder of that Institution. Then His Majesty's taste for pictures—which by the way leads me to ask, Did you ever see the old King's cabinet collection in his private apartments at Windsor? He had some choice little subjects indeed; but it is many years since I saw them. There were two pieces, of the size of what your painters term kit-cat, I think; Warley Camp, and the Encampment on Cox Heath. His Majesty gave a commission to De Louthembourg to paint them for his private gallery, and they appeared, to my judgment, not inferior to the best pictures of old Wyck, or perhaps Berghem himself. Berghem—Berghem, yes, that is the man. It was touching a fine piece by this Master upon which the story in question was hitched. West was in the habit of recommending pictures which he knew were coming to the hammer, as occasional addendas to the King's cabinet. Sometimes when he had made a purchase for himself, he has transferred it to his royal Master. Mark ye, Sirs, I do not mean without an open declaration of the

circumstance. Well, perhaps he got a profit on his purchase—that is as it should be. West's judgment would save his patron, in the buying way, cent. per cent.; and a man may, without any thing derogatory to a liberal profession, benefit his purse by his judgment. But," and here the Counsellor lowered his voice to a whisper—"but it seems the King might suppose that the painter's ardour for collecting might too often draw his purse-strings. So one day when Master West, being closeted with his patron, began—'Your Majesty, I have made a purchase at Christie's of a mighty fine Berghem. I—I would not part with it—it is a school of art in its way—I would not part with it but—'—to your Majesty, thought the King; and so before Mr. West could finish the sentence, the King skillfully interrupted him with—'That is right; keep it—keep it, West; it is well a painter should have some such specimens—not all slip through his fingers, hey, West!—Keep it, and do not dispose of it—preserve the treasure to yourself!'"

#### THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—On Saturday Miss Paton appeared in a new part, that of Rosina, in the *Barber of Seville*, and met with the warmest encouragement. Her acting was agreeable and lively, and her singing altogether very pleasing. Not only in person, but in face and voice, this young lady bears a considerable resemblance to Madame Vestris, whom she has here superseded; and it is no bad compliment to her to say, that her archness, though different in kind, and her expression, very strongly reminded us of that favourite actress. In the balcony-duet with Fiorello (Mr. Leoni Lee,) she was very successful; but the charm of the evening was in the ballad to the old man, which she sang delightfully. In the more ornamented music she was not so good; for though there was considerable finish in parts, the whole was neither smooth nor forcible. This Mr. Lee acquitted himself well in the duet we have just mentioned; in other airs he was very deficient, and gave them as if he had been humming a tune to please himself in his dressing-room; and indeed he seemed to be entirely pleased, and so treated us throughout the performances with a constant smile of the utmost self-satisfaction. With so fine an organ he should study also to become a performer. Of Jones's *Almaviva* the world knows it is all life, and of Liston's *Figaro*, that it is all drollery. Dr. Bartolo was well done by Williams; and Mrs. Garrick made the most of Marcellina.

MR. PUTNAM'S RECITATIONS.—This gentleman, having during the season entertained several auditories at the Argyll Rooms with Readings and Recitations, commenced a Provincial tour, on Thursday, at Kensington, which we were induced to attend. Such performances appear to us well calculated for rational amusement, and especially for the improvement of youth of both sexes. Judicious and emphatic readings and selections, grave and gay, tend greatly to unfold to the mind the unnoticed beauties of good authors, and to give correct as well as

forcible ideas of what, but for the expressive use of the language, is apt to pass without a due appreciation. Thus we were much gratified by Mr. Putnam's *female orators* from Addison, and his simply affecting anecdote of the sea-boy at Plymouth, which had before struck us in Serjeant Rees' interesting narrative which we reviewed. Pope does not appear to us to be well suited for 'effective recitation, nor do we think very highly of dramatic dialogues; but, upon the whole, we greatly approve of Mr. Putnam's plan, and recommend it to the notice of those who are engaged in the business of education, wherever he may present himself.

#### VARIETIES.

*Mermaid*.—Another report, on the authority of Dr. Phillips, a missionary at the Cape of Good Hope, reasserts the existence of this creature: it is stated that it would probably soon reach London, and there can be no doubt but such would speedily be its destination. It has not yet appeared, however, and our scepticism increases.

Contents of the *Journal des Savans* for July.—Art. I. *Examen*, &c. Examination of two questions, viz. 1. Is the monument described by Diodorus Siculus by the name of The Tomb of Ozymandias, to be distinguished among the ruins actually existing at Thebes? 2. Did there ever exist in Egypt a monument agreeing with this description? Reviewed by M. Letronne.—II. Rime de Michel Agnolo Buonarroti il Vecchia. By M. Raynouard.—III. Doin, Musée des Protestans célèbres. By M. Raoul Rochette.—IV. Casimir Delavigne de Paris; tragédie en cinq actes. By M. Vanderbourg.—Art. V. M. H. de Pommeuse, Des Canaux navigables (2d art.) M. Tessier.—VI. Clavier, Histoire des premiers temps de la Grèce, depuis Inachus jusqu'à la chute des Pisistratides. By M. Daunou.

[\* Having but just received this Number of the *Journal des Savans*, we cannot decide whether it will be possible to give an analysis of this learned and interesting dissertation, such as will suit our purpose, and do no injustice to the author. For the satisfaction of our classical readers we will give them the conclusion:—"On the whole it seems to me to be certain, that the edifice described by Diodorus under the name of 'Tomb of Ozymandias,' is not to be met with among the existing ruins of Thebes.—It is very probable that if ever there did exist a monument under that name, it was almost entirely different from that which this author, who had not seen Thebes, has described only by hearsay."—Ed.]

Didot aîné and Galigani, at Paris, have issued a prospectus for publishing, at a third of the price at which they are published in this country, an edition of our best modern Authors. They are to begin with the Scottish Novels and Sir Walter Scott's poetical works, of which thirty-three vols. (eight of poetry) are to appear in less than ten months. Such editions, little better than piracies, are smuggled into England, supersede our book trade on the Continent, and must be considered most dishonest towards those who have given large sums for the copyrights.



Mr. Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades, &c. &c. is preparing for publication The History of Rome, from the earliest period to the termination of the Empire, in 10 vols. 8vo.

A new volume, the third, of the Bombay Transactions, is in the press.

Mr. Daniel Macintosh has made considerable progress in the second edition of the History of Scotland, from the Invasion of the Romans till the Union with England: with a Supplementary Sketch of the Rebellions in 1715 and 1745.

An Historical Account of Aberdeen, by Robert Wilson, A. M. embellished with Views, is announced as ready for publication.

There is no end to explanations of the Prophecies. Among the literary notices handed to us, is one by Mr. Overton, of Chelsea, who has in the press an entire new View of the Apocalyptic Numbers: "to shew that the 666 years of the Babylonian beast, followed by his 42 months' power, reach from the third of Cyrus to the final desolation in Judea, A.D. 136, to which Daniel's vision extended; then after a thousand years appeared in Rome against the Waldenses, &c. whose souls rest with Christ the present thousand; after which Infidel Gog in the last effort will perish with the beast for ever, and the endless sabbath of rest begin."!!!

Perry Byrke Shelley.—It is stated in the newspapers that the existence of this unhappy individual has terminated by a fearful calamity. On the 8th ult. he perished in a storm at sea, somewhere off the coast of Italy, between Leghorn and the Gulf of Spezia. He was returning from Pisa to Lerici in company with a Captain Williams, of the Fusiliers, also drowned. We hear Shelley's corpse has been thrown ashore.

Mr. Mathews is no longer at Home, having sailed from the port of Liverpool for America.

Success of an Impostor.—Some time ago, the Foreign journals mentioned a woman of the name of Milford, who pretended to perform miracles. A singular accident happened at her trial, as a rogue and cheat, at Charleville, on the 17th ult. Her advocate, in making the best defence he could for her, quoted the Evangelists in a way which so greatly incensed the Judge, that he dropped dead in a fit while ordering him to quit the court. The crowd immediately shouted "A miracle!" and it is justly apprehended that this untoward circumstance will produce very bad effects on the minds of the ignorant.

Extraordinary instance of sagacity in a Cat.—A Cat belonging to an elderly lady in Bath, was so attached to her mistress, that she would pass the night in her bed-chamber, which was four story high. Outside of the window was the parapet of the wall, on which the lady often strewed crumbs of bread for the sparrows that came to partake of them. The lady always sleeping with her window open, the cat would pounce upon the birds and kill them. One morning giving a "longing, lingering look" at the top of the wall, and seeing it free from

crumbs, she was at a loss for an expedient to decoy the feathered tribe, when reconnoitering, she discovered a small bunch of wheat suspended in the room, which she sprang at and succeeded in getting. She then carried it to the favourite resort of the sparrows, and actually threshed the corn out by beating it on the wall, then hiding herself. After a while the birds came, and she resumed her favourite sport of killing the dupes of her sagacity.—[Vouched by a Correspondent at Bath, but not sworn to by us.]

#### EPITAPHS.

[Every body has such a collection of Epitaphs ready, either to repeat or to favour a periodical work with, that we are almost afraid to insert the following, sent us by a Correspondent, with a remark on the sublime in the conception and simplicity in the expression of the last line. It is on a Girl of eight years of age, in Cheshunt Churchyard; and, for aught we know, may have found its way into print before.]

"She lived, beloved by some;

She died, by some lamented:

Swift was her race, and short her road;

She closed her eyes—and saw her God!"

There is an Epitaph on an Infant of as many months old, more philosophical, if not so fine. It consists of a couplet only:

"Since I have been so quickly done for,

I wonder what I was begun for."

In Hindon Churchyard, Wilts, we lately read the following, and were amused with the complaint in its conclusion, seeing that it is on a woman (Mary Shergold) aged 61:

"Death did to me short warning give;

Therefore be careful how you live;

My weeping friends I left behind,

I had not time to speak my mind!"

#### THEORY OF EARTHQUAKES.

M. Bior, after detailing the phenomena of the Earthquake on 23d February last, concludes an interesting paper with these observations:—

In the infancy of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, it was imagined that Earthquakes might be easily explained; in proportion as these sciences have become more correct and more profound, this confidence has decreased. But by a propensity for which the character of the human mind sufficiently accounts, all the new physical agents which have been successively discovered, such as electricity, magnetism, the inflammation of gases, the decomposition and recombination of water, have been maintained in theories as the causes of the great phenomena of nature. Now all these conjectures seem to be insufficient to explain convulsions so extensive, produced at the same time over such large portions of the Earth, as those which take place during Earthquakes. The most probable opinion, the only one which seems to us to reconcile, in a certain degree, the energy, the extent of these phenomena, and often their frightful correspondence in the most distant countries of the globe, would be to suppose, conformably to many other physical indications, that the solid surface on which we live is but of inconsiderable thickness in comparison with the semi-diameter of the terrestrial globe; is in some measure only a recent shell, covering a liquid nucleus, perhaps still in a state of

ignition, in which great chemical or physical phenomena operating at intervals cause those agitations which are transmitted to us. The countries where the superficial crust is less thick or less strong, or more recently or more imperfectly consolidated, would, agreeably to this hypothesis, be those the most liable to be convulsed and broken by the violence of these internal explosions. Now if we compare together the experiments on the length of the pendulum, which have been made for some years past with great accuracy, from the North of Scotland to the South of Spain, we readily perceive that the intensity of gravitation decreases on this space, as we go from the Pole towards the Equator, more rapidly than it ought to do upon an ellipsoid, the concentric and similar strata of which should have equal densities at equal depths; and the deviation is especially sensible about the middle of France, where too there has been observed a striking irregularity in the length of the degrees of the Earth. This local decrease of gravity in these countries should seem to indicate, with some probability, that the strata near the surface must be less dense there than elsewhere, and perhaps have in their interior immense cavities. This would account for the existence of the numerous volcanos of which these strata shew the traces, and explain why they are even now, at intervals, the focus of subterranean convulsions.

#### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

AUGUST.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	8 from 42 to 68	29.94 to 29.86
Friday	9 from 49 to 70	29.71 to 29.74
Saturday	10 from 55 to 69	29.78 to 29.70
Sunday	11 from 55 to 70	29.80 stat.
Monday	12 from 52 to 72	29.78 stat.
Tuesday	13 from 56 to 69	29.75 to 29.83
Wed.	14 from 53 to 78	29.88 to 29.70

SW. wind generally prevailing.—Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Thursday 15 from 52 to 68 29.66 to 29.90  
Friday 16 from 42 to 74 29.04 to 30.07  
Saturday 17 from 46 to 77 30.13 to 30.17  
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A Westerly wind prevailed till Sunday, since which Easterly. The weather generally clear.—

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On Friday the 30th, at 11h 55' 59" Jupiter's 1st Satellite will be eclipsed; and at 13h 4' 57" his 2d Satellite will emerge from his shadow.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alderman Beckford's Speech.—The Editor is perfectly aware that in the Journals of the period (the Public Advertiser, 24th May 1770—or the Gentleman's Magazine, p. 216) it is stated, that immediately after the King's reply to the City Remonstrance, the Lord Mayor addressed His Majesty extempore, in the words inscribed on the monument in Guildhall; and it may also be true that Wilkes was not present with the Common Council at St. James's.—but, notwithstanding this statement, he has reason to believe that the first report of the words used was an invention of Wilkes's, at a subsequent meeting, where they obtained so much applause, that they were adopted as having been, *bona fide* uttered to the King.

In answer to B. Esq. 1. Literary Gazette may be ordered through any Bookseller, Newsvender, or Clerk of the Road, in Great Britain. If in Town, a reference to some responsible party is required by the Publishers.

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Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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**THE OBSERVER** of Sunday last (Aug. 18.) contains, in addition to the continuation (from the Observer of Sunday, Aug. 11) of the particulars of His Majesty's journey, the fullest Account of all the Facts connected with the Death of the Marquis of Londonderry; which particulars, including the Coroner's inquest at length, and Memoirs, fill Thirteen Folio Columns, occupying more than one-half of The Observer. The Price of The Observer is Sevenpence.—A Monday Edition of The Observer is published regularly, which is very desirable for Country and Foreign circulation.—The Observer of Sunday, August 11, and the 18th, will be kept on Sale all the ensuing week. Franks gratis.

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